EAD "A GARDEN OF GHOSTS," BEGINNING NEXT WEEK.

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E SECOND DELUGE; OR, A STORY OF HEAVEN AND EARTH

By AUSTYN GRANVILLE. Author of "A Fallen Race," Etc.

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CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

were about four and a half inches and an inch and a half wide, very and evidently of great antiquity, as ased edges executed with marvelous ity plainly testified.

se plates," continued the Hindoo, interest.

"It affords me the data from which I have been able to ascertain to a certainty what I before only guessed at."

"And that was?"

"The total destruction of this world, in 1904 it will undoubtedly be destroyed."

"You said that before," remarked Chalmers. "How can you prove it?"

"Very easily," replied Chung Mootan. "But I cannot do it until night shall have fallen. Be at the foot of the observatory stairs at midnight and I will come down and let you in."

"Sit down," said Jhung Mootan, gently forcing the sailor into a seat. "Sit down; I am about to adjust the instrument for you."

Chalmers had noticed during his previous visit, a rusty tin tube, which suspended from the dome of the observatory, hung midway between the floor and the roof. He now perceived Jhung Mootan struggling with this instrument and pointing its further end, like a huge, barbaric cannon, in a threatening manner at the sky overhead.

The eye of the Hindoo remained glued

"Not a word!" answered the Hindoo.

kl be invaluable to me for family me alone, therefore, but as they are doubted genuineness and are in point me, almost coaeval with the great Rore Tables, they are probably the ancient documents of any kind in exge. My ancestor, however, has add- them a footnote, or annex, which at we are most concerned in here."

t is that?" inquired the sailor, forward with almost breathless

The clock over the porch of the Rajah's stables had hardly chimed out the hour of midnight, before Chalmers halted at the foot of the observatory stairs, and punctual as himself, the wrazened face of the astronomer was thrust forth, and a voice bade him ascend.

The interior of the observatory was plunged into an almost pitchy darkness. The Hindoo took Chalmers by the hand and led him forward.

to the lower opening in the instrument for fully a minute before he spoke.

Suddenly he gave a start, and his face, upturned to the sky, glowed like bright copper, as the starlight, glancing through the aperture overhead, flashed down into the interior of the observatory.

"Come, be quick. Bring your seat here. Now, look!"

The sailor fixed his eye to the little hole which Jhung Mootan indicated, and glanced upward.

Hardly had he done so when he gave vent to an expression of the utmost astonishment.

Sailing apparently at no very remote distance from the earth, though it was in reality millions of miles away, with an enormous nucleus and a tail of such length that it must have been many hundreds of thousands of leagues to the point where it lost itself in a hairlike web of such tenuosity as to be almost totally undiscernible even with the powerful instrument through which he surveyed it, a gigantic comet swept with inconceivable rapidity through the upper air. It was only for a very brief space of time that Chalmers was able to keep it within range, for Jhung Mootan's instrument, though infinitely superior to anything he had ever before looked through, was possessed of none of those more modern contrivances which in the observatories of the west enable the astronomer to keep the object of his search within the field of his telescope.

Still in the short view that he had had of this celestial monster, awe-inspiring, threatening, Chalmers had seen enough.

Gasping for breath, he staggered from the instrument, and seizing the brown, lean hand of the Hindoo, exclaimed:

"Don't you know, man, that you have made a most remarkable discovery; that you can be rich, famous, tomorrow, if you will but publish this to the world."

The Hindoo had thrown open the shutter of the little window, and he stood by it now, the full rays of the seven moon shining upon his face. An expression of triumph sat upon his swarthy features, but it was tempered by a look of self-abnegation which was almost sublime, as he returned:

"I know all that, Sahib Chalmers, but as for wealth, of what use would it be to me? I have all I want. As to fame, the opinion of the world, I despise it."

The sailor nearly lost his temper. "But you've got to announce this discovery," he exclaimed. "If you don't, why, I swear I will."

The Oriental smiled quietly.

"Oh, no, you will not," he answered. "In the first place I have your word of honor that you would not divulge my secret, and in the second place, all the glasses in the world might sweep the firmament and they would never discover it."

Chalmers staggered back. "Do you mean to tell me that you have got something in this rusty tin tube which can be matched by the best telescopes of Europe. Why, Lord Rosse's——"

The Hindoo stopped him. "Don't get in such a flurry, my friend," he said, "You're English that you know nothing. Are you sure the system on which Lord Rosse's telescope is made is the best which can be invented?"

"It is the best which has yet been made," stammered the sailor, who knew enough about astronomical matters to know that. That and Mr. Lassell's."

The Hindoo smiled quietly, as from the heights of a superior and more profound knowledge of his art.

"It is simply astonishing how little you moderns will acknowledge yourselves indebted to the ancients," he said. "Lord Rosse's glass was a magnificent one—for a refractor, and Lassell's not without its merits. But Liebig has come nearest the divine truth by depositing on his glass a thin film of silver. Polished carefully, it is true, it can be made more reflective than any other material. But," and he lowered his voice, "I have the advantage of them all. The silver specula was well known to the ancient astronomers of India, and it led to that discovery in achromatics which the moderns never dreamed of."

"And that is?" began Chalmers, when he at last essayed to further question this extraordinary being, but the Hindoo stopped him.

"That is my business, as you would say. But look again," and he once more adjusted the telescope. "There it sails, bright and wonderful, as it fulfills the majestic destiny mapped out for it by its Creator. Can you not guess what it is?"

"No; I cannot."

"You have noticed it has two nuclei?"

"Yes."

The Hindoo came a little nearer and placed one hand impressively on his shoul-

der and gazed earnestly in his face. "It is the lost comet of Beila. During its last visit but one to this earth, in 1846, it separated into two distinct comets which kept moving side by side till they disappeared. You see they have nearly joined again. In the autumn of 1852 it appeared for the last time. Every six and a half years, ever since that event, the astronomers of the civilized world have looked for its reappearance, but their search has been in vain."

"But they must surely see it now?" hazarded Chalmers.

"I doubt it very much," returned the Hindoo. "It is true I am not much in touch with the outside world, but I must have heard of it if it had been sighted. And then there are two reasons why it should have escaped their notice."

"Which are?"

"The first is they are not expecting it, and the second that it is nearly half as remote as formerly."

"Then that should surely lessen the danger of a collision."

"It is the very thing that invites it. Pursuing its present orbit, it will encounter the planet Jupiter. Deflected by that mighty mass, it will rush downwards towards the earth, and will in fact, be headed in an almost straight line for it. I have calculated at just what time it must reach this planet. It has an enormous orbit to conclude and it will come within the attraction of Jupiter, according to my figures, in about thirteen years from now. It will then be headed for our world, which it will strike exactly on the sixteenth day of August, 1904."

CHAPTER VIII.

Thoroughly worn out by the exciting hours which he had spent in the rotunda with the Hindoo, Chalmers was soon wrapped in the profoundest slumber. He awoke with a start, to ask himself if all he had witnessed on the previous night was not a dream. But the effort to convince himself that this was the cause resulted in failure.

A week passed and though he had not got the Hindoo quite out of his mind, still he had ceased to let the thought that that gentleman had so confidently predicted the end of the world in 1904, trouble him very much. The young do not, as a rule, give themselves much concern about remote contingencies, and Chalmers even on those rare occasions when he found himself confronted by financial or other difficulties, did not let them seriously discompose him.

His leg was getting along so well that he rallied Doctor Wilson on his coming twice that week.

One day, as he could hobble about on his crutches quite decently, he determined to go down to the "Three Brothers" and take a look in the vessel in which he was to make the return trip to Europe. He hailed a dinghy and was paddled aboard. After a very short visit he went ashore, saying to himself:

"She sails on the 11th. I wonder how Rana will like that?"

It was then the 8th. He had only two or three days more to be near her. His heart was just a little bit steeled against the girl. He thought she was vindictive and unforgiving.

"It would have been very easy for her to have made friends," he thought. And he debated with himself whether he should give her another opportunity.

One of the Rajah's servants had driven him to the ghaut in a buggy. And he stood now with his foot on the step of the vehicle, debating where he should order the man to drive to.

"I think I will take a turn around the city a bit," he said to himself, and then he added, out loud: "Drive me a short way along the Esplanade. I have never had a good look at the government house. It will bear a second inspection, I am certain."

The native, passively obedient, and perfectly trained, salaamed slightly, and turned his horse's head in the direction indicated. He drove slowly, pointing out with his whip the different objects of interest as they went along. Chalmers lay back on the cushions, and, sheltered from the rays of the afternoon sun by his light umbrella of silk, duly admired in turn the different buildings of the Bengal club, the Bank of Bengal, and the Sudder Dewanee Adawlut, for the native, his local pride having been aroused, was driving around in ill-considered circles of irregular diameter, intent on picking out the finest buildings.

Rather tired by so much magnificence, Chalmers lay lazily resting, when his eye suddenly fell on a brass plate, which at once attracted his attention. It was the plate on the outside of the office of the English physician. In a moment he had made up his mind. He would call on Doctor Wilson and let him see how strong and well he was, and how able to stand the fatigue of the homeward voyage.

A moment later he had handed in his card, a heavy English affair, with his home address stricken out, and "Seven Tanks" rather clumsily substituted in pencil.

Rather to his surprise, the physician himself came out into the large, spacious hall to meet him.

Somehow, it occurred to Chalmers that he was very nervous.

The doctor shook hands with him, and then immediately led him, not to the apartment he had just quitted, but to a smaller reception room on the left side of the house.

"I will be with you in a minute or two, Chalmers," he said, and the sailor seated himself and waited.

He had been there about five minutes when he heard a door open and shut, and then the rustling of a dress along the hallway. Thinking only of a possible adventure, the young Englishman looked out. He was only in time to catch a glimps of a female dress as it swept around the corner.

The doctor's door was wide open. Looking over in the direction of the room, the eyes of the two men met, and the elder beckoned with his fingers to the younger and called out:

"I am at liberty now, Chalmers. Come in."

Chalmers walked across the hall, limping slightly, leaning only on one crutch and twirling the other as he went along to show the doctor how strong he was getting.

"Sit down, please,'" said the physician.

There was something in the doctor's voice which made Chalmers stop glancing about the room, which he was rather curiously eyeing, and bend his attention upon the elder Englishman.

Involuntarily he ejaculated: "What on earth are you looking so serious for?"

"Because I have some very bad news for you," was the elder man's reply, as he surveyed his companion with a glance in which commiseration was the uppermost quality.

"Whatever do you mean?"

"I have got dreadfully bad news," he repeated, slowly and falteringly. "I tried to get Rana to break this to you, my boy, but she wouldn't. Oh, believe it, I'd give the world if the task hadn't fallen on me."

Chalmers got up and a deadly pallor came over his face as he forced the question from his bloodless lips: "You haven't got bad news from my people. Oh, don't say that. You're joking, doctor. You haven't got bad news from home?"

"I'm afraid I have, my boy," said the physician. "Your father and mother and your brother and sister were drowned in the English channel, now three weeks ago."

A blinding mist swept across the sailor's eyes. He tottered and would have fallen, but the phsyician's arm was around him.

In the agony of the moment he could have cursed the Omniscient who had decreed that this awful thing should happen to him.

Then a low moan broke from his lips, a moan of inexpressible grief as he recollected that all were gone.

"Oh, God!" he cried, in utter anguish. "I am alone in the world. Everyone has been taken. Could you not leave me one?"

There was a slight noise which disturbed him, and broke in upon the passionate abandonment of this sorely stricken young heart to its first terrible grief. He raised his eyes and saw the slight figure of Rana standing close beside him.

There was a world of pity in her gesture, and a world of love in her lustrous eyes, and she stooped and whispered, so faintly that he hardly heard it:

"Not all alone, dearest. I will love you, to the end of the world, to the end of time."

He put his arms around her and drew her to him, and she made no resistance now. They sat there in the deepening twilight, and in the midst of death there was life, and from the ashes of a measureless despair, hope, faint and indistinct in its newborn rapture, but growing stronger as each minute of God's healing time swept away, raised her head and smiled once more upon their infant world.

CHAPTER IX.

Almost crushed by the overwhelming misfortune which had befallen him, George Chalmers remained for nearly a week in a state so close to that fatal borderland where madness waits on grief that Doctor Wilson entertained the gravest apprehensions regarding his condition.

Holkar Runjeet was a man of the world, and he viewed this state into which his young guest had fallen with a trifle more equanimity than did his daughter, who ofttimes, when alone with her father would give way to sudden tears, and exclaim:

"He will never get over the shock, never. I am sure of it."

Holkar, however, knew better than that. He moved his head sagely. "Wait a bit and you will see," was all he vouchsafed in reply to these outbursts on the part of his daughter. He never dreamed that she was actuated in her solicitude for Chalmers' state by any tenderer feeling than a childish friendship, for the Rajah was one of those pur-blinded mortals who think the world stands still, and a daughter whom one has been long accustomed to regard as a mere child, can never grow up to girlhood.

The first fit over, it was not unnatural that Chalmers should seek distraction of some kind. He sought it in the society of Jhung Mooltan, that extraordinary individual, whom, he argued, must either be an impostor of the very first water, or a savant of the most exceptional description.

At night he visited the observatory to lose himself in the contemplation of that vast and vaulted firmament, and to forget for awhile, in the contemplation of the wonders of the celestial world, the sorrows which come alike to the richest and the poorest of mankind. The agent, meantime, who was a practical man of business, did not understand at all why Chalmers should not have accepted with alacrity his offer of a passage on the first P. & O. steamer about to leave the port of Calcutta, and he wondered what kind of a young man this could be who could be so indifferent about assuming the ownership of a fortune reckoned at not a whit less than seven thousand pounds per annum, and a position among the best county families.

Chalmers did not hanker to go to England and come in for his fortune. He was barely eighteen years of age; the ideal was still alive within him, and he had learned to like India.

And he sought the comradeship of Jhung Mooltan, and listened greedily to the words of wisdom which fell from that sage's lips.

And he determined that in the acquisition of wisdom alone was there success from the sorrow which was ever gnawing at his young heart, and only his common sense, practical bringing up kept him from being a crank on the subject of star-gazing.

"I will marry Rana," he said to himself, "and I will go to England and become a great astronomer. There is a grand field in which to achieve distinction. Jhung Mooltan has done it without a rupee to his name. I am well off. For me it will be easy."

The broken tibia was nearly as strong as ever. He hardly limped on the morning in which he sought his friend, Holkar Runjeet. The Indian, as was his custom with his guest, arose on his entrance and, offering him his favorite hookah, bade him be seated.

Chalmers came to the point at once.

"Rajah, I am in love with your daughter. I shall sail for England in a few days, I have come to ask your permission to take her with me."

He lifted his shaggy eyebrows slightly and asked, his courtesy never failing him for a single moment:

"Have you spoken to Rana?"

The Englishman grew confused at this home question. He stammered out:

"We understand each other, I think, thoroughly."

The Rajah's tawny brow became clouded and a look of pain passed over his face.

"I did not think she would be in such a hurry," he said, simply, "to leave her old father. Her mother died but four years ago. If you take her from me, Sahib Chalmers, I shall be a very lonely old man."

Then he asked, suddenly: "Has she promised to marry you?"

Chalmers hesitated again before he replied: "I don't think she has," he said, "in so many words, sir, but I think I may say that that has all been understood between us."

The Rajah of Raipor took the mouthpiece of his hookah from his lips, and slowly blew out a great cloud of smoke. Then he said:

"Look you, Mr. Chalmers, I had other views for Rana. We have been the best of friends, but there are things one does not tell outside the family. You must not forget that you are an Englishman and we are Hindoostanee."

"I have though that all over," replied Chalmers. "I have thought about the different races we belong to and the prejudices that might exist. That can have no weight, whatever. As the wife of one of the Chalmers of Boscastle, she would be received everywhere."

"Or as the daughter of Halkar Runjeet of Raipor, I have no doubt," added the Rajah, in a tone which conveyed his conviction that his social status, was, if anything, something superior to that of the Englishman's. "But," he continued, "that is not the only question involved."

"Why, what other question can there possibly be?" was the impatient exclamation of Chalmers.

"A very important one, and one which you know nothing about."

"If I trusted you," he added, presently, "and I think I can, for you appear to be an honorable man—if I were to put you in possession of a secret which concerns myself very deeply, could I be absolutely sure of your discretion?"

"You could—you can," returned the Englishman.

"I believe you, Sahib Chalmers," said Runjeet, regarding the young man with an expression of almost paternal affection. "Now, if you will listen, I will give you the reason why it is quite impossible you and Rana, whom I love more than my own life, should ever be married.

"You are tolerably acquainted with the history of this country, and the various vicissitudes through which it has passed, and which have ultimately determined its destiny to be that of a dependent province rather than an independent nation."

"Certainly, I am acquainted with the history of India."

"You have witnessed a great people struggling to be free, but torn by internal dissensions and yielding at last to the inevitable. You have seen an untimely uprising, which found expression in the brutal acts of the mutiny and the stern reprisals of the English, result only in the cementing of the bonds which today bind the provinces of India, once free and independent states, in the chains of a military despotism."

"That has all passed into history," acquiesced the sailor.

"But you are not aware that for more than twenty years past, a great party, of whose being the British government does not even suspect the existence, has been unitedly pledged to the freeing of India."

Chalmers overwhelmed at this remarkable announcement, sat perfectly still, suffering no sign of the astonishment he felt to escape him.

His host continued: "You may be surprised to hear that this conspiracy—perhaps you would call it—has its ramifications throughout the remotest parts of this great country, that it has untold wealth at its command, and that on a given signal from our council nearly every province in India would rally to our standards."

The sailor sat like a man dazed. Entirely loyal to his native country, he had unwittingly become the confidant of a man who ostensibly standing in the councils of the crown and passing as one of its most trusted native advisers, was in reality one of the most dangerous of rebels. And this man was the father of the girl to whom he was devotedly attached, and he, Chalmers, had pledged his sacred word that he would not betray him.

Something of what was passing in the young man's mind must have dawned upon Holkar Runjeet, for he exclaimed, as if he saw how profound an effect his extraordinary communication had had upon the young Englishman:

"There is something yet to be said, and it is that which turn your evident distaste for this revolutionary movement into something of which you can readily and properly approve. If possible, the revolution is to be accomplished entirely without bloodshed. You may be surprised to learn that we have gradually won over nearly two-thirds of the English residents of this country. When the armies of Great Britain are put into the field against us, they will find that they must turn their artillery against not only the people of this unhappy land, but against their own countrymen."

Chalmers remained, as before, petrified with astonishment. At last he managed to stammer:

"And not a word of this has been even guessed at?"

"Not a word," answered the Hindoo. "The secret is only known to the leaders in the different provinces, and their followers are content to accept their word that it is best that only the leaders should be acquainted with the facts. And there is only one other person outside of India who has any inkling of the movement."

"And that is?"

"The Czar of Russia. Long jealous of the encroachments of England, we have found a powerful ally in that great despot. At a word, two million of armed men, trained in all the arts of arms, can be summoned to our assistance. There is but one danger that this aid may fail us."

"And that is?"

"The possible assassination of the reigning monarch. His successor is believed not to be partial to any such enteprise.

"Our new constitution," continued the Rajah, in the tone of a man who already regarded this gigantic political revolution as an accomplished fact, "will be fashioned after that of the United States of America, where from an experiment which has lasted now for over one hundred years, it has been amply proved that a government of the people, for the people, and by the people, is entirely possible. The new nation will be termed the United States of India, and with two hundred and forty millions of enlightened people within its borders, it will be one of the most powerful commonwealths known to man."

"If it succeeds," remarked Chalmers, sententiously.

"It must succeed," exclaimed Holkar Runjeet, "it cannot indeed well fail."

"And now," he added, taking Chalmer's hand and pressing it warmly, "am I not right when I refuse to let you share our perils. Am I not right when I refuse to let you embark your fortune with us at this crisis, for, recollect that every Englishman who is married to a native, will, in case of failure, be the object of suspicion."

"Then you admit the possibility of failure?" remarked Chalmers.

"The possibility, yes, and it is for that reason that not until the banners of the new republic are triumphantly planted on the walls of the government house can you have my consent to marry Rana. Go back to England and wait. It will not be for long. Five years at the most. You are young yet. Is it an agreement?"

CHAPTER X.

Three days later a Peninsular and Orien-

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The Second Deluge.

(Continued.)

tal steamer, which swept proudly down Garden Reach on her way to the open sea, bore upon her passenger list the name of George Chalmers, and six weeks afterwards George set foot upon his native soil.

He called at once on his solicitor in London, who had an office in the Middle Temple, and astonished that worthy by saying briefly:

"Well, I have arrived. What is it you want with me?"

The man of law looked up and saw in his new client a person totally different to what he had expected. He had imagined that in the young sailor he should have a ward he rather than a man who knew what he wanted to do and unhesitatingly did it.

Chalmers found himself in possession of an income of close on seven thousand pounds a year, consisting of the Cornish rents and money in the funds.

"I shall sell Boscastle," he said to the astonished lawyer. "You can put it in the market immediately."

"It has been in your family for three hundred years."

"Never mind that. I shall never live there again. I prefer it should be sold."

"But you cannot sell it until you are of age."

"Why didn't you tell me that at first. I beg your pardon, but don't think me impertinent. Is there anything in the way of preventing my realising a large sum of cash immediately?"

"Yes; there is the same obstacle. Any sum for your immediate wants I can advance you personally, my dear sir," returned the lawyer, but you can only touch the income of your property until you are twenty-one years of age. Until then you are a minor."

The infant stretched himself out thoughtfully in the arm-chair in which he was seated and added: "I wanted the money to build an observatory. I wanted to make it the very finest one in the world."

"Eh?" queried the man of parchment, opening his eyes.

"I say I want the money to build an astronomical observatory." The repeated Chalmers rather nettled at what he took to be the lawyer's obtuseness.

"What do you want to do that for?"

"I intend to study astronomy. I have become interested in it."

The lawyer laid one forefinger gently on one side of his nose, as was a habit of his when he was revolving a knotty point in his mind and said:

"I suppose you are too rich to take an old fellows' advice?"

"Not at all. On the contrary, I should be glad to have it—if it is advice I care to follow."

"That's very funny," laughed the lawyer. "Now this advice will be just exactly suited to the mood of my patient, for since you don't really know what you intend to do, I shall treat you as a physician would treat you, if he were called in to pass on your case and suggest a suitable remedy."

"I would do something with my life," went on the young man. "It seems so dreadful not to have an aim. I am suited for nothing, but I have a bent towards astronomy. The fact is, I met a very remarkable man when I was in India, and he was at work on a very peculiar problem, which is really of great interest to you and me and everybody else."

George had warmed up with his subject, and looked excited. He took up a quill pen, dipped it in the lawyer's ink and began to scrawl on the lawyer's blotting-pad.

This was sacrilege. But Mr. Gordon did not stop him. Few people but would have let him scrawl. Even the faithful Mr. Gordon felt assured that the miscreant was worth seven thousand pounds a year.

"You see," said George, "this is the lost comet of Bella—by the way, did you know that it had been found?"

"No; I can't say I did. And more than that, I can't say that I knew it had been lost," returned Mr. Gordon. "Ask me something about leaseholds."

"Leaseholds wont be worth very much," replied the young man, "but I am about to show you takes place, as Jhung Mootan predicted."

"Who is Jhung Mootan, in heaven's name?" asked the lawyer, who was becoming to be very much puzzled at the serio-comic turn the conversation had taken.

"Jhung Mootan is one of the greatest of astronomers. You know this represents the planet Jupiter."

The young man drew a big round mark on the center of the immaculate blotting-pad.

Mr. Gordon groaned. "Go on," he muttered, "I'll take your word for it, though I don't see the resemblance."

"And this is the lost comet of Bella," drawing a streak with a blot on the end of it, "which is dashing like mad through space and according to Mootan will collide ultimately with that planet."

"Well, that wont hurt us."

"Oh! no. That's not the matter. Deflected from its original orbit, it will be deflected straight towards the earth, and will be due to strike it on the ninth or the sixtieth day of August, 1906."

"Well, really," ejaculated the lawyer, greatly amused. "Well, thank God, I shall have retired from business by that time."

And he smiled benignly. "And you, my young friend, you will undoubtedly be in a museum—anywhere."

"You had better come and dine with us tonight in Kensington," suggested Mr. Gordon, and George having accepted, the lawyer sent out half a dozen notes of invitation in case of last minutes, worded very nearly as follows:

"Don't fail to come and dine with me tonight. Young Chalmers, whose folks were all drowned in that yachting accident, has come home and he will be there. He is

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stark mad, but has some funny stories to tell about the world being destroyed in 1904. You mustn't miss it if you still love fun."

To the surprise of the lawyer, Chalmers was back again in his office the next day.

"You are going to give me some advice yesterday, weren't you, when I interrupted you?"

This didn't sound so mad after all. "Yes; I was, that is a fact," replied the lawyer, who had forgotten all about it."

"What were you going to advise?"

"Don't be in too great a hurry to take up with astronomy. There is not much fun to be got out of it. It means sitting up nights when you ought to be asleep, and if you decide to erect your own instrument, which you are perfectly able to do, by the way, you will find it a very expensive matter."

"Think it all over, my boy," continued the lawyer, as he shook hands with his young client. "Think it all over first. Of course you must find something to do, but you haven't seen all the world yet. Why don't you travel? Why don't you go to America? You haven't seen that country yet, have you?"

"No; I have not," assented Chalmers, "but what is there to see particularly? All the buffalo are shot——"

"Buffalo be hanged," protested the lawyer, good-humoredly. "That's not the only kind of game they have in America. Why don't you go for the fun of the thing and double that fortune of yours."

Chalmers went out slowly, thinking of Rana, the idea of the heiress did not take with him particularly, but all the same he then and there made up his mind that he was all at sea as to his future movements, that he needed some one to guide him, and he decided that he would go to America that very week.

The match-making mammas of New York were profoundly exercised when they found out that a young Englishman of good family, and possessing, mirabile dictu, thirty thousand dollars and more per annum, was in their midst, and quite inclined to be agreeable. So Chalmers was feasted and wined to his heart's content, and, in fact, a good deal more than he cared for, and in about six months got sick of New York society and yearned again for his old love, the study of the stars. He took occasion during his sojourn in the American metropolis to drop a line to Jhung Mootan with the double purpose of finding out whether the old fellow still persisted in his prophecy, and incidentally of discovering whether Rana felt the loss of his society as much as he did here, which was quite considerable. He was excited and stirred to receive one day a letter which bore a Calcutta postmark. He tore it open. It was a reply to his own addressed to Jhung Mootan some four months previously.

"I am still as convinced as ever," it ran, "that I have made no mistake in my calculations, although the Rajah believes me to be quite out of my head. I shall not, therefore, speak of this divine discovery to him again—at least not until it becomes necessary to warn him to seek a place of safety, which will be hard to find, and will probably be only discovered on the summit of some exceedingly lofty mountain such as Kyerest or Gaurisankar, a mountain which you probably know lies on the border between Nepaul and Thibet. By the way, talking of these things, you may be interested in hearing that I am going to visit Chicago, do not fail to look up the astronomer Jerningham. He has discovered several of Jupiter's moons himself. Rana is well. She spends many an hour in my retreat, and we often talk together of you. The Rajah seems to have something on his mind, but I cannot tell what it is. Adieu. Your friend, Jhung Mootan."

Chalmers fell to thinking of Mr. Jerningham, of Chicago and his discovery of double stars, and he decided to go west and see him.

He had a letter of introduction from a friend in the Union League to a gentleman "in the big city by the shining lake, and after he had admired the bustle and progress of the place, been led through the stockyards and seen the packing establishments, it occurred to Chalmers to look in the directory and turn to the "Jerninghams." There were half a dozen of them, a laborer, a doctor, a grocer, a druggist, a tailor and a stenographer. He put in the whole day in hunting up the laborer and found out ultimately that he had been dead for two years.

He referred to this fact in the rotunda of his hotel that night and asked:

"When a man is dead, why do they keep his name in the directory?"

"Because he wouldn't do to take it out," replied the man he interrogated. "They keep them all in. It swells the population and incidentally the gas town and the value of real estate."

The next day Chalmers hunted up the doctor, the lawyer and the druggist. They were all busy men, and all declared they had never seen double stars in their lives and were not the Jerningham sought for.

A suggestion of the lawyer's, however, seemed likely to bear fruit if acted upon.

"There's a fellow who writes shorthand down there in the United States court, named Jerningham, who may be the man you're after," he said. "I believe he has achieved some little reputation as an astronomer."

Chalmers went in the direction indicated, was whipped upstairs by a jerky elevator and let out on a broken chaos of mosaic, which had all come to pieces through the settling of the building.

"Is there the United States courts?" he inquired of an attendant, for he could hardly believe Uncle Sam would let him properly tumble so about his ears.

"In there," third room to the left," said the elevator man as he disappeared in the darkness of the shaft, and Chalmers, picking his way over the ruined mosaic and keeping, as he would have said, his "weather eye" out, went forward.

A fat, pompous little man, with a very big nose and a very intelligent face, occupied the bench. Underneath him was a clerk writing in an enormous book; to the left of the clerk was a thin, middle-aged man, with a slight

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A fat, pompous little man, with a very big nose and a very intelligent face, occupied the bench. Underneath him was a clerk writing in an enormous book; to the left of the clerk was a thin, middle-aged man, with a slight

stoop and a very clever, intellectual face. He had a shorthand notebook open before him, but as counsel was addressing the jury and the taking of evidence had not yet begun, he was unoccupied for the moment.

Chalmers took advantage of the opportunity, and pushing his way forward through a crowd of spectators, he made his way to the desk at which the writer was seated.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "are you Mr. Jerningham, the astronomer?"

"That is my name," answered the gentleman, quietly.

"I was directed to call upon you," said the English lecturer, "by Professor Chalmers. I had no way of getting an introduction and so I took the liberty, of introducing myself."

A gentle look overspread the face of the American man of science.

"It was no liberty at all. We often do that kind of thing in this country. I am very glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Chalmers."

CHAPTER XI.

The two men struck up a great friendship. Chalmers found that although he had been assiduous in his studies of navigation and trigonometry—two very necessary aids to the study of the splendid science to which he had devoted his life—he had neglected that without some such practical assistance as Jerningham unquestionably rendered him, his progress would have been very slow indeed. Jerningham was unmarried, and when some months had elapsed and the intimacy of the two men showed no signs of interruption, Chalmers surprised him one day by asking:

"Why do you keep pegging along with that stenography of yours? Is there much money in it?"

"I stick to my shorthand," replied Jerningham, "because I like it, I suppose. It is one of the hardest professions—if you can dignify it by the name profession—to get into, in this world, I believe, because it is just as hard to get out of. I must have bread and butter. Don't forget that."

"Bread and butter! Please don't let that worry you. I've got lots of money for both of us."

"Yes," replied Jerningham, "and there'll come a time when you won't. You're rather too free with your money, Chalmers. Dollars are not so easily picked up as you imagine."

"I don't really believe you have any idea," retorted the Englishman, "of the kind of income I've got coming to me when I'm of age."

"Aren't you of age now?"

"No. I've got fifteen months to run, I believe. Just as well over now, Jerningham, and I'll show you something."

They went to Chalmers' room, and the time was evening. It was their favorite place of meeting, though they not infrequently spent the night in the garret of the house, in the roof of which there was a trapdoor, with a stage underneath it, and from this vantage ground, with a telescope which had not cost over three hundred dollars, Jerningham made the discovery of the double stars, a discovery which had already made him famous in Europe.

The American got up from the chair on which he had been seated and went over to the table on which Chalmers had arranged several books, mysterious, important-looking affairs bound in white and greenish, and the pockets in their interiors distended with slips of paper, many of these slips of paper were canceled by English checks.

"What is it, old man?"

"Sit down and look at the explanation. I want to talk with you quite seriously."

Jerningham sat down, wondering what was coming, and Chalmers went on:

"Do you see this book?" he said, taking one of the cheque-slips from the table. "That is the book in which I keep my account with the National Provincial Bank of England. Just look and see what I have got to my credit."

The American did so, and his face twitched slightly. He had never possessed so much money in his life as the yellow book of deposit with this single institution.

The figures read: "£8,824,14,3."

"Why, that's over forty-five thousand dollars, deducting exchange," exclaimed Jerningham. "How much of this kind of thing have you?"

"Look and see for yourself," said Chalmers, carelessly. "They are the books, Baring Bros., Coutts', the London and Westminster—I've kept them all just as my dear old governor used to have them. He had an idea that even with current funds he didn't want all his eggs in one basket. We are Cornish, you know, and Cornishmen are very cautious folk."

Jerningham looked at the bank books, and his astonishment grew. There was nothing to what he experienced a moment later when Chalmers, who had been rummaging for some documents in the bottom of his trunk, looked up with a face reddened by his exertions and exclaimed:

"Here is the beastly thing at last."

He held in his hands a number of sheets of parchment sewed together at the top with green silk. This document was written in the stereotyped style of a conveyancer. Long sentences, and was covered with long rows of names and figures opposite to seconds, shillings and pence.

"What on earth's that?" asked Jerningham.

"My rental roll," replied the man from Cornwall. "Look at it. The totals are at the bottom of each sheet and are carried forward. You will see that my rent roll gives me an income, yearly, of not less than four thousand pounds, and there is all that money in the funds, which, while it only draws a small percentage, will soon be worth over three thousand, or I have the very respectable income from it all or should be, when I come of age a year, or nearly speaking, thirty-five thousand dollars."

Jerningham sat still, staring at him.

"Haven't you anything to say?" asked Chalmers. Nevertheless he suspected he had a kind of boyish vanity in his composition which he had not quite got rid of. Now that he had told the fact that he was a wealthy man, he would have been gratified quite a little by an expression or two of astonishment.

"What do you think of it?" he asked, as Jerningham still sat quietly, not saying a word.

"You've been selling under false colors all this time. I thought you were a poor man, and you turn out to be worth stacks of money. It isn't fair on your friends."

Chalmers reddened. "I don't know about that. It was my own business. It would have been much worse, wouldn't it, if I had posed as a rich man and turned out to have nothing? Then, I admit, you would have had grounds of complaint."

"I'm not complaining, my dear fellow," returned Jerningham. "I am not complaining, but it seems to me as if all this money would be likely to raise up some kind of a barrier between us, sooner or later."

Chalmers turned abruptly and faced his friend. "What an interval idiot you are, Jerningham," he broke out, angrily.

"No, I am not. I am simply a man of experience. The rich and the poor won't jibe, or you'd get it."

But Chalmers grew angrier than ever at this line of argument.

"I don't care a fig for the money," he protested, "and no more do you. You're the only friend I've really got. All the others are after me for what they can get. I've been that a long time. Why, those New York women followed me like geese with a wild beast at noon as they discovered I was well off."

Jerningham broke out laughing. "What a picture for a caricaturist," he cried. "A young Englishman with his pockets overflowing with British gold, standing at bay in a fashionable drawing room. I can see it all now, just as it ought to be drawn, the inevitable potted palms, and the same young lady we have seen in the comic prints for the last ten years, with a little dimple in her cheek and fine black stockings; the whole headed, 'The Victim Corrected' or 'Climbers from Anglomania.'"

"We were talking about your business a while ago," remarked Chalmers, abruptly. "Never mind the Anglomaniacs. What I want to see now is if something can't be arranged about this money."

"What do you mean?"

"About this money. Can't you take some of it? Or don't you think enough of me for that?"

"I think a great deal too much of you," returned the American, flushing, however, as he spoke, "to put you in any such position, and I hope I have got a little respect for my own character."

"You took a good long roundabout way of getting at it," replied the American, "if you had said at first, 'I want to go to Europe, won't you come along?' you could have easily answered you."

"And what would you have said?"

"Simply that I couldn't afford it."

"Will you come in the capacity of instructor to George Chalmers, Esquire, of Boscastle, England, and let me put up the expenses?"

"I will not," said Jerningham, firmly. "I can't sleep nights, thinking of—I don't know what." "Well, you see now how the matter stands with you," laughed the Chicagoan. "You've got a woman on the brain."

George Chalmers flew got up and went to the window.

"Then you want to go to Europe to see her," he said. "Why—that's as plain as the nose on my face."

"You will go, then, after all?"

"I haven't said so yet," replied Jerningham, smiling, "but I think I'd better go with you, just to keep you out of mischief."

"Oh, that's good of you. That's grand!" cried the younger man.

"I think the goodness is all on your side. It isn't every day a fellow gets the offer of a trip across for nothing."

"That!" ejaculated Chalmers. "That's fish! Now, when shall we start?"

"As soon as you like. Long vacation has begun. There won't be any more reporting to do here for ten weeks, at least. I suppose you're crazy to see the young lady?"

"I am not at all crazy to see her, because it's no use going crazy over impossibilities."

Jerningham stared. "Have you gone stick, stark, howling mad, Chalmers?" he asked in astonishment. "I thought you were going to Europe to see the girl you're so fond on?"

"But she's not in Europe!"

"Then where under the sun is she?"

"She's in India, I'm sadly grieved to her father not to come back there for five years, and there's three of them yet to run. I'm going to Europe just to be a little nearer to her, bless her, that's all."

CHAPTER XII.

Chalmers and Jerningham reached the old world in the best of health and spirits. Only once, as they plowed up the green waters of St. George's Channel, did the melancholy which had grown so habitual with George, the quiet lonely boy, give way before the light-hearted American to remove. It was when the reflecting would force itself upon the mind of the young Englishman, as it had done on the occasion of the sighting his native shores on his former visit, that Ireland was where on the other side of that land he loved to call his own the waves held Ethel and Kit, never more to be restored to him whom they should endure.

They crossed London and hardly stopping a day in the great city, crossed over to Paris, taking up their quarters at an unfashionable hotel off the Rue de Rivoli. Here they planned out a course of work, which was to be combined with visits to the principal capitals of Europe and above all the inspection and study of the great observatories, with the principals of which Jerningham had corresponded for some time to time, and from whom he felt tolerably sure of that hearty and sincere welcome which all men of science extend to each other, no matter from what part of the world their visitors may be.

Chalmer's started violently.

About a week after their arrival in the French capital, something occurred which proved that Jerningham's eyes rather wider than he had thought possible, as to the character of the man whom he had made his intimate. One afternoon Chalmers, who supposed that Jerningham knew nobody in Paris, was surprised to see him exchange greetings with several gentlemen, one of whom stopped and walking straight up to the American, shook his hand with much warmth, exclaiming in excellent English:

"My dear friend! This is indeed an unexpected pleasure. When did you arrive in Paris?"

"About three days ago."

"And have not yet called on us? It is too bad."

The men were in a hurry, and the two, having exchanged addresses, parted.

"Who's your friend with the shiny hat and the waxed mustache?" asked Chalmers.

"Oh, he's a man who called upon me in Chicago since. That's the chief assistant observer here."

Chalmers of course expressed the proper interest, but thought little more of the matter until two days later, when a series of small notes, some on plain paper, some delicately perfumed, and others of a more official and important looking, began to arrive at the unfashionable hotel. They all bore the superscription: "M. Phillip Jerningham," with the exception of some half a dozen, which were written in unmistakable English hands, and these were addressed to "Professor Phillip Jerningham."

The American groaned when his eye fell on these reminders-looking documents, investing him with titles to which he had not the remotest claim.

"Professor Phillip Jerningham," he ejaculated, taking up one of the offending envelopes. "Well, down south I've been called 'Judge,' but up to now I've steered clear of 'professor.'"

Chalmers laughed, but all the same he was impressed with the fact that his friend was a much bigger man in Paris than he was in Chicago, and his opinion was confirmed a few days later.

They had there are smug little afternoon entertainments, given on lawns whose extent is quite unknown save to the elect, in almost the very center of the Bois de Boulogne, and trees, a century and more old, cast their shade over a brilliant concourse, gathered not for the purpose of blackguarding their neighbors or retailing the gossip of the fashionable world, but to discuss the latest discoveries of the savants of Europe and America.

It was into this exclusive circle that Jerningham, the despised and neglected Chicago stenographer, now led the young Cornish astronomer, and Chalmers sat at the feet of the learned men and silently worshiped.

He found now, for the first time, that he had lacked the knowledge that was necessary to draw out the real power he possessed to advantage. In the company of some of the most brilliant men of science, wit and keener native intuitions of the American mind, sharpened by contact, shot from the heights of the Faunet or of Havre upon the deep and somber waters, illuminating their recesses, and revealing to the more conservative rays of his profoundly scientific thought.

Jerningham was much sought after, and Chalmers could not well avoid referring to the astonishing treatment that Jerningham received in Paris and Europe generally in England.

"It is no fault of theirs. You make a great mistake, old man, in your estimate of existence with them. They have a great fight to make with the material world. There are houses to be built, and food to be served, legs and bestes to be killed and packed and disposed of, and bodies to be clothed and fed and emptied and filled again many thousands of times before matters of art and science—for I hold despite all you say to the contrary, that they are very minor—can be attended to."

The months crept away in this delightful companionship. Once or twice, indeed, Jerningham spoke of returning to America and his duties, but Chalmers would not have it. Under the leadership of the latter he made rapid progress. Everywhere the great observatories of Europe were open to them. Berlin, Vienna and even St. Petersburg scientists put themselves out to do honor the American who, without encouragement from his wealthy city and with but limited means at his disposal, had accomplished discoveries which excited their warmest admiration. And traveling through Italy and having reached the Eternal City, the brilliant Secchi himself, the world-renowned spectroscopist, heard of their arrival and personally escorted the two travelers the courtesies of his splendidly equipped observatory.

About a fortnight after their arrival in Rome, the two friends were seated one evening in the Cafe Ricci in the Via Condotti, of March, 1881. A soft twilight had settled down upon the gayety of the street, brilliant in the departing sunshine but a brief half hour before and with some of the finest equipages in Rome, the careless laughter with which dines the southern temperament and the deep blue vault, which overhung it all, through which there now peeped, as if reluctant to oppose their rays of lesser splendor to the finest competition of the electric arc lamps, two or three faint and distant stars.

The soup had been set before Jerningham.

"And the Chianti is all that it should be, soft, to the palate and yet so cold that the flavor is in the least impaired."

"And the quail I have ordered," added the Chicagoan. "Will not you get them. You know they have quail all the year round here, Secchi told me he was the one empire on which you could rely in the hot season."

"We shall not spend the summer south, this time."

"No, was Chalmers reply. Jerningham let him map out the route for a good deal, feeling that if his friend paid the piper he ought in fairness to be allowed the selection of the music.

"Rome is tolerable up to when?" asked Jerningham.

"About June, I should say, from all I hear. After that middle of the month no white man ought to stop in town."

"Well, where shall we go after that? Secchi has given us letters to Florence as far as we like, you know."

"Then the observatory in one of the northern provinces——" began Chalmers.

But he got no further. A newsboy was shouting in the street. He stood on the other side of the wide thoroughfare, but his accents fell clear and forcible upon the ears of the Englishman's ear.

"Extra!" he started up, looking around for a waiter.

"What is the matter?" asked Phillip. "Are you in a hurry to get home? I don't care for you."

"Not in the least, I assure you," replied Chalmers, the blood rushing back into his stunned face. "Only I thought something had happened which there was only a very remote chance of happening, and on which, perhaps, I am wrong. We have had no letters, or rather dead despatches—for me. Waiter, get me a paper, will you?"

The man returned directly, holding in his hand a small, black-printed sheet.

"Read it aloud," Jerningham said, "if it is true. The Emperor of Russia has been assassinated."

CHAPTER XIII.

In a darkened room of the winter palace, there lay, on the second Sunday after the death, lay and looked back upon his past life, and found it—as many of us do in our hour in the recollection of the greatest achievement of his reign, the freeing of 23,000,000 serfs—he lay in state, surrounded in the saintly presence of the highest priest of the Holy Synod, who had been hastily summoned to the imperial bedside. The snow still lay deep on the pavements of the splendid Nevski Prospect, down which, at intervals, growing ever shorter and shorter, thundered the official messengers to the central telegraph station, the nearest of despatches for which a world was eagerly waiting, and one of which would in a few hours proclaim to civilization that the Czar of all the Russias,

shot at by a crazy Pole in Paris in 1892, and he would have been dead three times attempted, had succumbed at last to the machinations of the nihilists.

"Thousands of leagues away, in the far East, a dark-visaged, turbaned Oriental sat closeted with a few of his chosen followers, discussing the possibility of the assassination being but a mere newspaper rumor, and in the Eternal City of Rome a young man, in the midnight solitude of his own apartment, gave the finishing touch to his preparations, alike with the Rajah of Raipor and thousands of the native aristocracy of the British East Indian empire, for a confirmation or a denial of the news which had startled all the world.

"It could be said in a manner that left no doubt of the authenticity of the first message which had reached the world, the living wire. It came, bearing with it details so ghastly that even French radicals shuddered, and women shed tears, for there is yet such virtue in a kindly decree that it hath power to enroll among its mourners those members of all ones of the earth, who weep as fitting and proper tribute for the untoward taking away of royal dignitaries, or the very rich and fortunate of mankind, but who have no tears to shed for those who die in the night, or by day and the poor who die every hour of every day, at their very doors.

"And with the hours of the arrival of the news in the city of Calcutta, cipher messages had been sent by wire to the cities in the land great rebellion, as yet unseen and as yet unfelt, but whose coming had been gradually developing and whose forces had been waxing deeper and more terrible as they became more strong from Thibet to the delta of the Ganges.

"The movement must wait upon the policy of the dead emperor.

"And that successor, Alexander III., horrified-stricken by the events of the last few hours, was then standing on his palace at Gatschina.

"In the meantime the Rajah of Raipor in India waited and hoped, and hope frequently deferred, brought, as it ever does, sickness of heart to the soul of that great revolutionary movement, which but for the throwing of an infernal machine in the hands of a single conspirator, might have resulted in the downfall of British domination in India, and the establishment of a republic in the far east.

Chalmers suffered but an exclamation or two to escape his lips at the recital over of that meal in the cafe Reed, and this was so natural under the circumstances that Jerningham never glanced the raging fever of impatience into which the news of this throwing of a nihilist bomb into the imperial carriage of the royal tzarat of Russia had plunged his companion.

Jerningham awoke a little past midnight, and a sound with which he had grown familiar, what [illegible] had fallen upon his ears. He gave vent to an expression of disgust, saying:

"I wonder what can be the matter with Chalmers. He gets no sleep; he rises at all hours and he begins that everlasting tramp of his."

The great mind of the man in the next room went on for a full hour. At last the American could stand it no longer. He got out of bed, put on some clothes and went and rapped at his friend's door.

"Come in."

The Chicagoan entered the apartment. It was dimly lighted by a single gas jet, and a few sticks smouldered in the fireplace, for the nights were chilly. Standing with his head in his hands, the author of "Rana" was. He was deathly pale, and when Jerningham took his hand it seemed to be burning with fever.

The deadly miasma from the Campagna was months away yet. Jerningham knew that his friend's illness was not mental, not the physical order.

"You are worrying about that—about that young lady, are you not, George? Well, I wouldn't do it."

Chalmers, who looked dreadfully ill, nearly broke down. The softness in his friend's voice touched him. Jerningham, he knew, would have done.

"Sit down, Jerningham," he said, sullenly, with the quick, sharp utterance of a man who has just made up his mind to do something that has struggled against him for a long time. "Sit down for a minute. I've had a terrible secret on my soul for a week or more. I've got to share it with me, for I can't carry it alone any longer."

When Jerningham left him an hour later, he was the repository of the secret which the Rajah of Raipor had confided to George Chalmers on the evening when the Englishman had asked Holkar Ranjeet for the hand of his daughter.

"He shall not go back to India," said the American to himself, when he had once more regained his own chamber. "He shall visit his daughter and he shall marry her, and all over this girl. She is no match for him, anyway."

They met in the morning, neither by word discussing or even remotely touching the night previous on this question, and the end of it was that Jerningham agreed with the point in the American, for the Chicagoan's will was the stronger, and he loved his friend and feared him. A strange alliance, this infatuation for a woman of an alien race.

Having at last decided that Chalmers would not go to India, he followed up his advantage, and the result was that

"What is the name of your lawyer in London?" asked Jerningham.

Chalmers told him, and Jerningham telegraphed at once: "Please notify my steward to get [illegible] ready for occupancy. I shall reach England inside of thirty days, and shall settle for some time in Cornwall."

Two days later the two friends were on the way to England.

For the time the Jerningham was disposed to wish that he had never come to Europe. Chalmers was very hard to get along with. Nothing satisfied him. He found fault with everybody and everything. Even the placid and gentle American finally lost patience. He was delighted when at Marseilles he fell in with a company of Chicago millionaires bound to take a great fancy. It appeared to Jerningham that his friend had a better appetite for his meals, and that he passed less over those everlasting letters which he got nearly every week from that old fraud, as the American called him. Jhung Mootan.

"Jhung Mootan is nothing but an astrologer," was the terse sentence with which he invariably denied the Hindoo's pretensions to be admitted within the sacred scientific circle.

Jerningham had a holy horror, as he termed it, of charlatans of all kinds. He had listened to Chalmers' account of the comet and the destruction of everything with open incredulity and had pronounced his opinion unflatteringly.

"You have been imposed upon by a first-class Indian juggler."

To tell the truth, Chalmers himself had lost faith in Jhung Mootan. He had long outgrown him in his own knowledge or astronomy had increased, but almost every letter he received contained some prediction concerning some news of Rana. It was always "Rana is well. She has gone on a riding-out, a garden party, and that you may be certain," or "Rana spoke of you this morning. I think you must have been saying something to her which you have never confided to your friend."

He could refute any of these things to Jerningham, whom he now had not quite so much to do with, as a friend, as he had added much to do with, as a [illegible] to their party's opinion of the other American.

They had met him down on the docks, where he had held forth on merits of the respective rigs of sailing vessels for Chalmers benefit, and they discovered that the younger of the two men had followed the sea as a profession. Years before, Jhung Bilick, such was the euphonious name of their new acquaintance, had been master of a merchantman out of Boston, Massachusetts, and he still retained his love for salt water.

They had met him, until the great Comstock lode was opened that he had abandoned the profession of the sea to take up Chalmers' beneficent rigs of sailing vessels, and gradually the two men had followed the sea as a profession. Years before, Jhung Bilick, such was the euphonious name of their new acquaintance, had been master of a merchantman out of Boston, Massachusetts, and he still retained his love for salt water.

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CHAPTER IX.
A CRISIS.

Haunted by the man she feared and hated, Barbara grew thin and pale, but she felt that it was for the best her mother end make her nervous to know all that she was enduring, so the poor girl kept her own counsel. But, as the days came and went, poor Barbara felt Gilbert Luttrell's wicked influence more and more, and longed with all her heart to escape his constant espionage.

She worked hard, taking all the housework upon herself, and sparing her mother, also doing her share of the sewing and other needlework which Mrs. Morris procured. But, try as hard as she might, the two women could only keep the wolf from the door and ofttimes felt the shadow of his approach.

And then, one day the blow fell. Barbara picked up the morning paper, and when the first paragraph her eyes fell on, was this, staring her in the face:

"It is currently reported that Captain John Morris of the ship 'Aspinwal,' lately cleared for a trip to South America, having failed to report for duty, is a traitor to his charge. He returned home, announced his intention of selling his ship for two, and then mysteriously disappeared, deserting his little family in their distress and poverty. In the meantime, the 'Aspinwall,' under the temporary direction of the first mate, has reached port in safety. But the illustrious captain has not yet made his appearance. It will be interesting to friends and acquaintances, to find him thus derelict from duty. The family are entitled to the sympathy and assistance of the generous public."

Silence. Not a word could Barbara utter—not a sound,, not a moan. Her mother, glancing in her direction, caught a glimpse of her ashen face. After her head closed, her breath scarcely perceptible. With a little cry of horror the woman started to her feet and hastened to her side. She lay back in her chair, white and still.

"Barbara! Barbara!" her mother, "Good heavens, what is the matter?"

With an effort, Barbara opened her eyes and they gazed into her mother's face in dumb anguish. Then, for the first time, Mrs. Morris observed the paper, and took it from the girl's nerveless grasp. Trembilngly, for she had suspected that some dreadful news which could so affect her self-reliant "little daughter, the poor woman read the bitter slander, her own heart fluttering and breath coming quick and fast. When she had read the article she sank into the nearest seat and covered her face with her hands. Barbara crept softly to her side, and kneeled down.

"Mother!"

Could that white-faced girl with eyes like blazing coals set in her white face, and looking as though a load of sorrow had settled upon her young shoulders, be Barbara Morris, light-hearted Barbara Morris, who always had a cheerful smile and a kindly, hopeful word for every one she met?

"Listen to me!" her voice trailed off into silence and then, after a pause, she went on, with an effort:

"Listen!" she repeated. "I swear that I will expose the wretch who has dared to slander my dead father—for I know that he is dead, or he would have returned to come home or reported for duty. I am sure that this cruel falsehood has emanated from that monster, Gilbert Luttrell, and as certainly as I live, he shall account for it. Mother, I shall never know a moment's peace until I have punished Gilbert Luttrell for what he has done!"

And then turning, she saw Gilbert Luttrell standing on the threshold, a cruel gleam in his dark eyes, a baneful smile upon his lips. He shrank back a little, but Barbara was upon him in a flash, her hands, her eyes fairly flashing fire, her breath coming in gasps. Catching sight of a tiny dagger which hung from the wall, a relic borne from one of his voyages, she snatched it up, and trembled its sharp, glinting blade full upon the heartless villain. He caught the little hand in his strong claps, and wrenched the weapon from her.

"There!" he cried, tossing the blade far beyond her reach, "you would have made off with your balance, my fair lady. At all events, I have saved myself. Now, tell me, Miss Barbara, why did you attempt to attack me in such a cruel way? I have never harmed you in word or deed."

"That is a falsehood!" cried Barbara, "you have killed my father, my own dear father, he caused him to lose his life in some way. Don't you suppose I know my father and that he would never have a eyed so long away from home and us, and he would not have left his ship, which he loved next to his family, unless he was forcibly detained. That he has been forcibly detained, or his dear life taken, I am sure and, Gilbert Luttrell, you are the villain who has deprived me of a father!"

"Barbara!" gasped Mrs. Morris, in fear and astonishment.

"Be quiet, mother, I am not afraid of the truth, and neither would this man be, if he were innocent. How he has done it, I know not, but that he has either taken my father's life outright, or has imprisoned him in some way, I am just as certain as that I am living. Gilbert Luttrell, whom are the man! You wicked murderer, you shall hang for this!"

White and trembling, the coward and craven stood before his accuser, nor moved nor uttered a word in his own defense. It seemed so wonderful that this girl, little more then a child, should have fallen upon the truth in this way. Gilbert Luttrell could not speak, so dumb-founded was he; he looked like a man discovered red-handed in his crime.

Then, all at once the silence was broken by a sudden rush for the door; he was out of it at last. Barbara stepped quickly forward and locked the door behind him. Then she turned to her mother who was trying with all her strength to keep from swooning.

"Mother, darling, I swear that I will be guilty murderer of my dear father. Did you not hear me say that Gilbert Luttrell is it, when I faced him boldly with his crime? One thing sure, he will find his Nemesis before I will rest my footsteps down to the grave, but he shall suffer for his crime!"

She looked like an avenging spirit as she stood there, pale and threatening, her eyes shining, her whole form erect and going in full resplendent. Few fathers are as well beloved as Captain Morris, and his wife and daughter would sacrifice anything and almost everything in life for his benefit and to show their appreciation.

"I shall go at once to the police, mamma," she said, "and I shall not rest with the fires of resolution and determination, "and tell them the whole story, without exception. I shall not spare Gilbert Luttrell for that man Luttrell is—"

She stopped, her eyes filled with quick tears, her form trembled.

"Oh, mamma," she added, sorrowfully, "you know that all demands of no proof, and I have none really. It is only my intuition which tells me that I am on the right track, which cries out with unerring certainty, to Gilbert Luttrell, 'you are the murderer of John Morris!' But the police require matter-of-fact; they will demand more proof than a woman's belief and intuition. I must collect certain intuition. What shall I do, mamma? I am afraid, afraid!"

And for the first time Barbara gave way weakly and bowing her head, wept bitter tears. Mrs. Morris put her arm about her, which made her dry the tears, and try to calm herself. She arose and opened the door. A man was standing without.

"May I see Mrs. John Morris?" he inquired. "I have some business with her. I come from the ship 'Aspinwall.'"

CHAPTER X.
A LINK IN THE CHAIN.

Mrs. Morris arose and hastened forward, her face pale and anxious, her eyes and ear sorrowful.

"I am Mrs. John Morris," she said, quickly. "Have you any news of my husband?"

The stranger looked grave.

"Come in," she said kindly, "and be seated. I am eager to hear whatever you may have to say, and if it is good news, you do not know how welcome it will be to us. We have had nothing but bad news lately," she added, wearily. "Our husband has disappeared and his can as he entered. He looked like a sailor, there was no doubt in regard to his calling. He was a powerful man, frank expression. He turned to Mrs. Morris, his eyes full of kindly sympathy.

"I'll tell you, ma'am. You see, I sailed in the 'Aspinwall,' and when your husband's ship aboard her. I began to fear that something was wrong. For sure, he'd never done such a thing before, others on board thought as I did, and we all got to talkin' about it, and then the mate, he said and hard's that had sailed on the 'Aspinwall' on several voyages agreed that there must be something wrong, for the captain hadn't come on board this trip. Well, it was only a few days when we sighted an outward-bound vessel, and came within hail of her. The mate was at the glass, tryin' to see what manner of craft she was. All at once, he cries out like a madman: 'Captain! our captain's aboard her!' There is no use in these ship! And in spite o' all our makin' fun o' his fancy, there he stood behind his back, he stuck to it, all the same. And he declared, ma'am, that he saw our captain layin' down on the deck, tied hand and foot, just like a prisoner. And that the captain never saw him at all, 'cos he was lookin' in the same—and so he'd be wilin' to take his oath. Well, ma'am, I was lucky enough to git exchanged into a ship as was bound for home, and I ships and gets here all right; and the first thing I do before I even set my foot on shore is to read the paper about our captain—which I'll be yer'in' to you—and I'll tell it to ye. We all knows Captain Morris better than, and we knows he wouldn't do such a thing as that—no, not to save his own life.

"So, I says to myself, says I: 'I'll just go and see the captain's lady and relieve her mind a leetle, if I can. Don't you be afraid, lady—the captain's not dead. It's the truth he may be in a worse fix than if he was—but at least you can clear his name o' all this slander and make the public believe in him

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Bitterly Wronged.

(Continued.)

once more. And I asked the name o' the vessel he was on—leastways the mate sticks to it that he seen him there. It was the 'Bellflower,' bound for Shanghai, the captain is a mean devil—pardon me, good lady—but I've heard enough about that man—one Luttrell by name——"

"What?"

With a shrill cry, Barbara darted to his side and seized his coarse sleeve in her nervous grasp. She was trembling with the intensity of her emotions, as she gazed into his rugged face with great, sad, dilated eyes.

"Who—what name did you say, sir?" she cried, in a shaking voice. "Tell me—answer me! It's a matter of life and death!"

The man looked fairly frightened at her vehemence.

"Why, ma'am, his name is Luttrell—he's a man from these here parts, and a greater brute, from all accounts, there never was. Do you know of him, miss?"

Barbara's eyes flashed.

"Know him? No, not personally, but I have heard of him. Mamma, he is a brother of Gilbert Luttrell. Now, do you blame me for connecting that fiend with the disappearance of my father?"

Mrs. Morris sat trembling in every limb; the truth unfolded before her eyes, and she began to see that Barbara might be right.

"My child," she said gently, "we must be prudent, and do nothing rash. We must have certain proof."

"Proof?" repeated Barbara, shrilly. "I have all I think necessary, and shall proceed to act. This man will go with me to enter a charge against Gilbert Luttrell, will you not, sir?" turning to the sailor, who sat with round, wondering eyes fixed upon her eager, excited face. Evidently he was not accustomed to young ladies of such energy and determination. But Barbara's mind was made up. She had come to the unalterable conclusion that Gilbert Luttrell was responsible for her father's fate; and no small amount of reasoning could shake her decision to make him accountable for it. He should answer for her father's life—or at least his liberty; if he could have Lewis Russell imprisoned upon that charge, there was no reason—so argued little Barbara—why Luttrell should not be held for the same charge.

"And I have proof—or at least circumstantial evidence—against Gilbert Luttrell!" exclaimed Barbara, with pale face and shining eyes, "while he has literally nothing. At the very least Mr. Russell shall have a trial and not be put off like this until his patience will be exhausted. I am going to do what I can for Lewis Russell, mamma," she added, fervently. "He has been good to us. Why, but for his kindness in allowing us to occupy his rooms, heaven only knows where we would go; and that would be the work of Mr. Gilbert Luttrell!"

Mrs. Morris sighed.

"But, darling, are you certain that it is Mr. Luttrell who has been the instigator in this persecution of Mr. Russell?" she asked.

Barbara's eyes shone like stars.

"Whom else could it be?" she asked eagerly, excitedly. "Mamma, I am as confident of that as I ever was of anything in my life—as I am of my father's honor and truth—no matter how a wretch like Gilbert Luttrell may seek to slander him. He caused that article to be inserted in the newspapers—I just know it!" she cried with eager earnestness. "And, to make assurance doubly sure, I am going to call at the office of the newspaper and demand the authority by which they publish such a cruel slander against an innocent man."

Mrs. Morris looked frightened.

"And what if they refuse to give you satisfaction, Barbie?"

"I will make them. I will—or rather you and I will—proceed to enter a suit for libel against the paper. They are a wealthy corporation, and they shall be made to retract and pay us over a large sum for damages."

Mrs. Morris gazed into her daughter's face with eyes full of trepidation. Was this her timid, shrinking little girl—this self-reliant little business woman, who was calmly and quietly determined upon righting her father's wrongs and punishing the cruel wretches who were vile enough to try to ruin his good name? Even if it were not certain that he was dead, what so base as to slander the dead? one who cannot defend himself? None but a coward would ever be guilty of such an outrage.

But Barbara was bent upon calling to account the falsifiers who had dared to malign her dear, dead father; and she intended to do so; if she failed it would not be her fault, for she would certainly try.

And, although Mrs. Morris looked on with secret fears and doubts, she restrained her objections, and so it came to pass that Barbara Morris sallied forth to redress her father's wrongs, and in company with the sailor, James Pike, started for the office of the Daily Clarion, feeling sure that she had found the first link in the chain.

CHAPTER XI.

FACING THE LION IN HIS DEN.

Barbara came to a halt before a tall skyscraper, upon which in immense gilt letters appeared the legend, "Daily Clarion." Her eyes wandered over the vast expanse of brick and marble of which the building was composed, and somehow her heart grew faint within her. It looked so grand and imposing it somehow made the little girl who was trying to clear her father's name from the slanderous charge against him, feel small and insignificant. But she smiled at her own fancy, and her eyes flashed as she said, with vehemence:

"No matter! If they are so grand, all the better for my case; and all the more shame to them for trying to ruin a good man's name and attack the widow and orphan, for if my father is not dead, then where is he? Suppose those wicked men have carried him away for some purpose of their own? Well, if that were really papa that the first mate of the 'Aspinwall' saw on the deck of the 'Bellflower' he was there against his will, that is certain; and it was while the 'Bellflower' was on the voyage to Shanghai, and the 'Aspinwall' on her way home; therefore, papa must have arrived at Shanghai long ago, and, once there, he would find a way to make complaint and denounce his enemies. And he is like a lion when aroused, so he would not let the grass grow under his feet, but would do something right off to get free. So I must put a brave face on the matter and go right into the lion's den and face them with all the courage I can muster."

She entered the elevator, followed by her sailor companion, and was borne aloft, pausing at last before a door which bore the sign "Office," and underneath the word was another which made Barbara hesitate. That word was "Private." Barbara turned troubled eyes upon the sailor.

"Do you think I might venture?" she asked, in a trembling voice.

"Why, in course," returned Jack Tar, promptly. "That there's all gammon; if they was so private, they wouldn't be in a public office like this, miss."

Which seemed very good reasoning; so Barbara knocked softly at the door. There was no response, though Barbara waited until both she and her companion began to be thoroughly tired. All at once the door opened from the other side and a boy came out. He stopped short at the sight of Barbara.

"And what may you be pleased to want, miss?" he asked, with a funny little grimace. Barbara's face grew red.

"If you please," she faltered, "I should like to see the editor—or whoever is responsible for what goes into the paper."

The boy pursed up his mouth and began whistling.

"That is very ill-bred," remarked Barbara.

He laughed aloud merrily.

"You're right—quite right," he said, when he could find time to speak for laughing. "But, you see, you startled me; it is not a common occurrence for our editor to be called for by a pretty girl. He's a reg'lar terror—is our editor, and don't mind who he annihilates. However, you may go in, if you're sure you're not afraid."

"I am afraid of nobody," responded Barbara, "as long as I am in the right. Will you please show me which way to go?"

"With pleasure," he said, and began to bow and scrape in an exaggerated manner, ludicrous in the extreme, ending by offering her his arm, as though to conduct her inside. Of course, Barbara declined his unnecessary attention.

"Who be you, anyway?" interposed the sailor, who had stood an amused spectator of the little by-play. The boy drew himself up to his full height and tried to look imposing.

"The devil," he returned. Barbara shrank away from contact with that personage. The sailor stared with wide-open surprised eyes.

"Wall, I wouldn't own it," he remarked.

Just then a voice called sternly from the interior of the office. "Frank, what is the matter? Come here, sir!"

"That's his royal highness!" cried the boy. "Come, miss, he's the one you want. And he's in a mild temper, so that's a good sign. He won't eat you this time."

And then the door was pushed open, and before she could prepare herself, Barbara was ushered into the office. She never forgot her first introduction to a newspaper office. A large, dingy room—a very wilderness of books and papers; the air rather strongly impregnated with the odor of tobacco smoke; a confused muddle of chairs and tables which were covered with proofs; and among them all a thin, dark-looking man, with a pipe in his mouth, bending over a heap of untidy-looking manuscript. He glanced up as the boy—who was really that exalted personage known as "the printer's devil"—ushered Barbara into the office. The editor started to his feet.

"Ah, good morning, miss," he began, tossing his half-smoked pipe into the waste basket, then, thinking better of it, stooped to recover it once more; "be seated, if you please."

But Barbara preferred to stand; she did not care to be seated in the presence of the man who had vilified her father, or at least she presumed that he had done so; for was he not the editor, and responsible for all that appeared in his columns? So she remained standing, leaning lightly against the tall desk at her side as she did so, and waited for what would come next. It came.

"Have you any business with me?" inquired the editor, a trifle impatiently, though he endeavored to conceal it. Barbara drew a little nearer and her face was pale and her eyes flashed as she said:

"Sir, I am the daughter and only child of Captain John Morris of the 'Aspinwall,' concerning whom your paper published a slanderous attack this morning. I called to say that as my father is not here to defend himself, and there is no one left but my mother and myself, I demand a retraction of the vile falsehood, or——" she hesitated. The editor looked at her over the rims of his glasses.

"Or what?" he questioned.

"You must answer for the insult in the courts of justice," returned Barbara bravely. "We intend to bring suit for malicious libel against the Clarion without delay."

"Is that all?" asked the editor, sneeringly.

"No, sir. I demand to know the name of the author of that slander; for, although I already as good as know it, of course I shall have to be certain before I take steps to punish him."

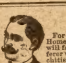
"I am not at liberty to divulge confidence," returned the editor, coldly. "Whom do you think is the author of the story?"

"Not being afraid of him," returned Barbara, stingingly, "I will tell you that we believe Mr. Gilbert Luttrell was the author and instigator of the slander."

"Ah—h!" the editor looked thoughtful.

"I have good reason for thinking so," went on Barbara, spiritedly. "And, Mr. Editor, I am going to prove it in court and expose Mr. Luttrell for the wicked wretch that he is; he is a fiend in human shape."

Further chapters of this charming story will appear next week, leading the characters into highly interesting situations. Readers desiring our free cameras and patterns will find announcement of the same on pages thirteen and fifteen.



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Sick Made Well Weak Made Strong.

Marvelous Elixir of Life Discovered by Famous Doctor-Scientist That Cures Every Known Ailment.

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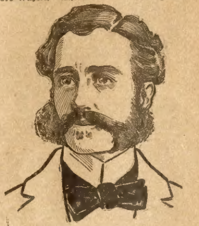

DR. JAMES WILLIAM KIDD.

nouncement that he has surely discovered the elixir of life. That he is able with the aid of a mysterious compound, known only to himself, produced as a result of the years he has spent in searching for this precious life-giving boon, to cure any and every disease that is known to the human body. There is no doubt of the doctor's earnestness in making his claim and the remarkable cures that he is daily effecting seem to bear him out very strongly. His theory which he advances is one of reason and based on sound experience in a medical practice of many years. It costs nothing to try his remarkable "Elixir of Life," as he calls it, for he sends it free, to anyone who is a sufferer, in sufficient quantities to convince of its ability to cure, so there is absolutely no risk to run. Some of the cures cited are very remarkable, and but for reliable witnesses would hardly be credited. The lame have thrown away crutches and walked about after two or three trials of the remedy. The sick, given up by home doctors, have been restored to their families and friends in perfect health. Rheumatism, neuralgia, stomach, heart liver, kidney, blood and skin diseases and bladder troubles disappear as by magic. Headaches, backaches, nervousness, fevers, consumption, coughs, colds, asthma, catarrh, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs or any vital organs are easily overcome in a space of time that is simply marvelous. It purifies the entire system, blood and tissue, restores normal nerve power, circulation and a state of perfect health is produced at once. To the doctor all systems are alike and equally affected by this great "Elixir of Life." Send for the remedy today. It is free to every sufferer. State what you want to be cured of and the sure remedy for it will be sent you free, by return mail.

MARRY Lady of Means wishes to marry; no objection to poor man if honest. Particulars for stamp. THE JEWEL, A. 14 Moorman St., Chicago

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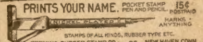

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$1.10 PER GALLON

Mention This Paper and SEND FOR PRIVATE PRICE LIST. CASPER & CO., WINSTON, N. C.

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Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Blood Poison permanently cured in 15 to 35 days. You can be treated at home for the same price under same guaranty. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and hotel bills, and no charge if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, sore throat, pimples, copper colored spots, ulcers on any part of the body, hair or eyebrows falling out, it is this Secondary BLOOD POISON that we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. $500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proofs sent sealed on application. Address COOK REMEDY COMPANY, 1730 Masonic Temple, - Chicago, Ill.

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"Willie Jones' mother makes him go to Sunday school every Sunday."
"Why do you say she makes him go?"
"'Cause he goes."

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 5c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Caught on the Rebound.

"You made a fool of me!" exclaimed the angry husband.

"Call yourself a fool if you wish, my dear," calmly rejoined his wife, "but remember you have always claimed to be a self-made man."

Blissful Ignorance.

Mrs. Hayrix (at city hotel)—Hiram, what is this here "pretty de free grass" on the bill o' fare?

Hayrix—Now, Miranda, keep your mouth shut an' don't show your ignorance. That's French for celery.

A Beautiful Piano Book (free).

A beautiful book containing portraits of the greatest musicians, and illustrated in five colors, can be obtained free by sending your address to Lyon & Healy, 30 Adams St., Chicago. It contains as much information about the various great leading makes of pianos that no one can afford to purchase a piano without first reading this book. Write for it.

The Cheater's Fate.

"You say you are not sure it was suicide?" asked the newspaper man.

"No, stranger," responded Amber Pete, "he was playing solitaire, caught himself cheating, and, of course, he had to shoot."

Catarrh Can Be Cured.

Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative power in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using same. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 844 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

On the Train.

Tomkins—Where are you living now?

Bulger—Living! I am dodging, falling into holes, being run over, twisting and turning, falling off and hanging on, being steamed and banged and tossed in the air.

"In New York, eh?"

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS New plan guaranteed which will every month put $100 in your pocket. Exclusive territory. Don't delay. Address Postal Watch Co., Chicago.

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FREE GOLD WATCH

This watch has elaborate ornamental full engraved case, guaranteed to keep correct time. The case is solid gold finish, and will wear 20 years. We will give one FREE to Boy or Girl who or anyone for selling 20 pieces of our exquisite jewelry at 10c each. Send your address and we will send the jewelry postpaid, when sold send us the $2.00 and we will positively send you the watch and chain.

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TOOK THE HINT.

Friend Told Him to Change His Food.

Once in a while one can serve a friend and win a lifelong obligation by a little food advice. This is worth while. "Very thankful I was to a friend for his advice when he told me about Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food at the time I was suffering. My stomach trouble originally came from neglect of colds which caused catarrh of the stomach, then followed misery from dyspepsia, headache, loss of vitality and flesh.

Last August a friend in discussing my health said if I would change my food and take Grape-Nuts instead of any other food or medicine for one week he would guarantee that I would be greatly improved and feel like a new man.

He was so positive that I concluded to try it and, as I said, I am exceedingly thankful to him. In a week's time I lost the heavy, dead feeling in my head, nausea had ceased and the action of my general system had greatly improved.

I have stuck fast to Grape-Nuts. Now I weigh nine pounds more and am steadily improving. Grape-Nuts has a most exhilarating effect on the system and makes one feel bright and alive, as though they were well nourished as a healthy man should be.

The price of Grape-Nuts is within reach of all, but I consider it worth its weight in gold." John Haywood, 2931 Aspen St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Love's Consideration.

Young Wife—Darling, would you have married me had I not been rich?

Young Husband—Of course not, my dear. I loved you too much to have ever asked you to share my poverty.

One Man's Theory.

Hixon—I wonder why some folks think the moon has anything to do with making people crazy?

Dixon—Probably the idea originated with some man during his honeymoon.

Rural Logic.

Uncle Josh—Th' paper says ez heow they are sort o' pertickler who goes down tew dinner first in this 'ere easiety.

Aunt Samantha—Fer th' land sakes! Hain't they got enough vittles fer all uv 'em tew eat, I wunder?

She—I can see your fortune in your palm.
He—I can carry it there without cramping my fingers.

Sufficient to the Day.

"Don't you ever regret your past?" inquired the prison missionary.

"No," replied the hardened convict, "it's me present that worries me most."

Honeymoon Faith.

Nell—Mrs. Newlywed says she has perfect confidence in her husband.

Belle—Yes; she even gives him her letters to mail.

Consolation.

Miss Angular—Do you think my age is beginning to tell on me?

Miss Plumpleigh—Yes, dear; but then you have no cause to worry. It doesn't begin to tell the whole truth.

Between Friends.

Enpeck—I understand your wife is ill.

Meeker—Yes; she hasn't spoken a word for three days.

Enpeck—Good! You always were a lucky dog.

You Are a Reader

of the Chicago Ledger and for that reason you are entitled to one bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine for trial, if you need it and write for it. One small dose a day of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine cures the most troublesome cases of constipation and you are at once relieved from the torture and danger of that common trouble. The same wonderful medicine cures the worst cases of stomach trouble and it is a speedy cure for all depraved conditions of the mucous membranes, including catarrh in the head, stomach, bowels and urinary organs. Send a letter or postal card at once to Vernal Remedy Company, Buffalo, N. Y., and prove by a free trial that Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine cures all stomach troubles, constipation, catarrh, congestion and disease of kidneys, inflammation of bladder and enlargement of the prostate gland, to stay cured. Write now for a free bottle. It will be sent promptly, free and prepaid.

Once Was Enough.

Customer (to bald party)—I have a hair tonic that will bring your hair out in a short time, sir.

Bald Party—Huh! It's all out now. What is the use of having it done all over again?

Four Trains Daily

To Indianapolis and Cincinnati, via Monon route and C. H. & D. Ry. Through sleeper from Chicago to St. Augustine, Fla., every night. City ticket office, 232 Clark street, Chicago.

Word of Advice.

"How do you like my strain?" queried the long-haired verse-maker.

"There'll be no kick coming," replied the busy editor, "if you will promise not to strain yourself again."

An Investment.

Myer—You say the count is looking for something in the way of American securities?

Gyer—Yes; he hopes to secure about two million in matrimonial bonds.

EVERY LADY READ THIS.

I will send free a positive cure for all female diseases, irregularities, etc. A simple home treatment. Common sense remedy that never fails. FREE with valuable advice. Mme. L. V. BILBENY, South Bend, Ind.

Looks That Way.

Tess—Miss Passay still protests that she hasn't reached the right age to marry.

Jess—I wonder what she considers the proper age?

Tess—Dotage, apparently.

Sympathetic.

Ethel—George told me last night that he was madly in love with me.

Mabel—Yes; poor fellow! It's too bad that insanity runs in his family.

Both Disappointed.

Husband (angrily)—When I married you I thought I was getting a helpmeet.

Wife (calmly)—And I thought I was getting a man who would supply the meat so I could help myself.

Can This Be True?

Oculist—My dear man, when did you first contract the habit of blinking?

Patient—Oh, I used to be a saloonkeeper in Chicago an' I got her in der habit from winkin' at de police.

His Location.

Myer—What state is Swillerton living in now?

Gyer—In the state of intoxication, I am told.

A Record.

Mrs. Mahoole—Yis; they do call Mrs. O'Hara th' mother av prostiction.

Mrs. Malone—Phoy shud they call her that?

Mrs. Mahoole—Because six av her sons turned out polacemen.

Multiplication and Division.

Rodrick—This is a wonderful country for arithmetic.

Van Albert—Think so?

Rodrick—Yes; they make two one at Niagara and one two in South Dakota.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

Crawford—Does a woman always decline her first offer of marriage?

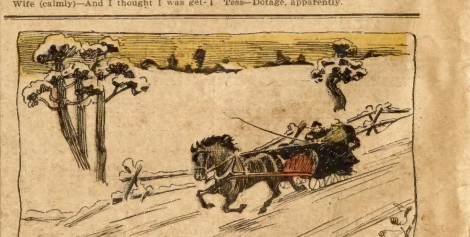
Crenshaw—That depends altogether on what age she is when it occurs.

Not the Old Way.

Diggs—Yes; they were married in haste.

Biggs—And repented at leisure, eh?

Diggs—No, indeed; their repentance was more hasty than their marriage.



"Oh, do you see the lonely waste?"
She asked, as on they flew,
"How cold and dismal is the sight
Unfolding to our view!
Indeed, I feel for lonely wastes."
She murmured, "Do not you?"

"I always feel for lonely waists,"
He said. "Indeed, I do!
Especially when they are cold,
As just remarked by you."
His arm went round that lonely waist—
He knew a thing or two!

—W. D. Nesbit.

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GRAPHOPHONE FREE and five records for two hours time introducing our new improved Garden Seeds, easily sold to every family. Write at once. Seedsman Outlet Co., Station N., Chicago
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FILL your own teeth and neighbors'. Write for instructions. Yale Dentine Co., 271 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill
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HOME WORK $12 weekly guaranteed. Send stamp for instructions, etc. 20th Century Co., Toledo, O
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HOME WORK 60 cents a sheet, copying. Send stamp. THE WORLD CO., Battle Creek, Mich.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WRITERS WANTED To Do Copying at Home. Art Institute, Lima, Ohio
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$8 PER 1000 for writing letters. Materials free. Send addressed stamped envelope. Mention this paper. Boston Optical Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
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MONEY MAKING IS EASY. We start you in a paying business. No experience necessary. Full particulars free. Dial Bros. & Co., Lake Creek, Ill
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WE Will Pay $20 Per Week and expenses to men with rigs to introduce our Poultry Remedies. Western Food Company, Dept. 3, Station A, Kansas City, Mo.
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$75 Month and Expenses; no experience needed; position permanent; self-seller, PEASE MFG. CO., Stat'n O, Cincinnati, O.
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AGENTS 1 Dozen boxes Moscos Catarrh Cure costs 40c. You get $1.20. P. R. CO. 143 E. 125th St., N. Y.
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LADIES to do piece work at their homes. We furnish all material and pay from $7 to $12 weekly. Experience unnecessary. Send stamped envelope to Royal Co., Dept. 7, 34 Monroe St., Chicago.
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LADIES Something New making sofa pillows at home, $7 to $12 weekly; materials furnished; no canvassing; steady work. Send stamped addressed envelope. Household Mfg. Co., Erie St., Chicago, Ill
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12 PHOTOS copied from any picture good size, enamel finish. Sample & cat. 2c. stamp. 16x20 Portraits, $1.25. 10c
AGENTS WANTED. STAR PHOTO CO. 391 Main St., Andover, O.
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AGENTS WANTED in every county in the state to sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Good commission paid. From $75 to $300 a month can be made. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Co., No. 24 Bar St., Canton, O
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Moving Picture Machine Free to Agents. Fastest seller out. Apparatus is 3 1-2 in. x 4 1-2 in., fits coat pocket, more fun than a "BARREL OF MONKEYS." Worth $1, but to start it, for 60 days we let any adult have one for 10 cts. to to help pay postage. N. Y. Specialty Co., Dept. C. 545 W. B'way, New York.
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Here is a beautiful American movement solid gold-filled, dust-proof, hunting case watch (ladies' or gents' size), full jeweled, stem wind and set, fully guaranteed, given absolutely free for selling our jewelry. Why shouldn't you have this elegant watch? In the last five years we have given away thousands, and all are giving perfect satisfaction. Send your name and address, and we will send you 18 pieces of jewelry to sell at 10 cents each. When sold, return us the $1.80 and we will send you at once, prepaid, a fully guaranteed American movement watch.
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Storyettes.

An Early Backslide.

New, behold, there was a certain man who sat down and held converse with himself.

Saying: "Verily, thou art a bad citizen, and thou hast habits that hold thee even as the tentacles of the octopus.

"Verily, it behooves thee to shake them from thee, to cast aside thy wickedness as a worn garment, to bid farewell to thy expensive foolings, and to make thyself a good moral citizen and an ornament to the community."

So he sware unto himself that he would no more lie, nor drink, nor use incandescent language when wroth, nor do anything that should mar the lily-white aspect of life as it should be led.

And when he arose in the morning, behold, he was grievously athirst.

Yet he thirsted not for the sparkling yellow water that cometh from Loch Raven.

Nay, his throat was parched, and he fain would have had something long and fizzy, that his stomach would be glad and his heart merry witihn him.

But he resisted the temptings of his material desires, and contented himself rather with the murky beverage that speedeth through the water pipes of the city.

Even though he surrounded many millions of germs in so doing.

Now, it is written that he who starteth at the top of the toboggan slide must go unto the bottom, and thus it was with this man whereof we write.

For when he reached his home again it was at the time that the owl-car moveth about the streets.

And the next morning he arose and went unto his work with a cheerful heart and a clean collar about his neck.

For he reasoned unto himself:

"Verily, I have scattered my good resolutions in quicker time than ever before in my life.

"And what is the use of swearing off from these things that we most admire,

"When there are so many things we could quit and never miss?"

Truly, my son, if we did not break resolutions we would get too good and could not make any more.

Good Cause for Disgust.

First Filipino Husband—I'm getting sick of this Americanizing business. I wish the Americans had let us alone.

Second Filipino Husband—I didn't kick when my wife took to wearing more clothes and gave up betel-nut for tobacco, but I can't stand for her latest moves. She has distributed a monte deck, which it took me three days to mark, around the neighborhood for calling cards, and she has taken all my cock-fighting gaffs for a manicure set.

Just What She Wanted.

Mrs. Whyte—Mr. Watkyns gave his wife a

The Tramp—I used to have a big pull, lady.
The Lady—What were you? A politician?
The Tramp—No, ma'am. I was a dentist.

And when he had broken his fast there came upon him a great, large, able-bodied craving for a cigar.

But he had said in his heart that tobacco was an invention of evil and that it also cost money, and he would none of it.

So he kept his shekels in his pocket and would not buy.

And all that morning he was filled with a high moral purpose and much dissatisfaction.

Now, about the third hour of the afternoon he went out upon the streets of the city, garbed in his glad raiment.

And he went unto the house of a friend where the New Year was being welcomed, where the eggnogg held its froth aright and the pop of the cork was rhythmic in its sound and continuous in its reverberation.

And when he entered the house, lo, he was received with open arms and a large glass.

But he would have none of it.

Whereupon they pressed him mightily that he take a little to show there was no hard feeling.

Seeing that he was firm in his refusal, his friends called him a dead one and a fossil and a mummy and a discarded tank drama.

Then he reached forth with his hand and seized the glass of eggnogg and drank it.

And then he smiled merrily, saying:

"Would that I had such a hen!"

And after he had tarried there a space he went unto yet another house where the eggnogg was responding to the encores and was the whole show.

And when he departed from that house he had much joy in his soul and a cigar in his mouth.

And when he met his friends upon the street he told them that they were looking finer than they had ever looked before.

Although they were looking like change for a dime.

handsome pair of opera glasses for a birthday present.

Mrs Black—I can imagine how pleased she is. She will find them so convenient to watch the doings of the neighbors with.

Unsafe.

Nodd—Every time I hear that minister it makes me want to be a better man.

Mrs. Todd—Why don't you go to hear him oftener?

Nodd—But I don't want to lose all my self-respect.

Just What She Wanted.

Mrs. Whyte—Mr. Watkyns gave his wife a handsome pair of opera glasses for a birthday present.

Mrs. Black—I ean imagine how pleased

Sigbee—Do you consider Jabberton a capable man?

Digbee—Sure. Why that fellow is actually capable of anything.

Never enter into a partnership with a man who is smarter than yourself.

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Croker has paid $35,000 for two yearling thoroughbreds. Where did he get it?

Genius is the ability to make other people furnish the money to carry out your plans.

When a wealthy bachelor lays his heart at a girl's feet she certainly ought not to kick.

A married woman says that the prick of a husband's conscience is productive of a lot of pin-money.

Some men are kept so busy maintaining their dignity that they haven't time to earn a decent living.

Evidently if congress does anything for Cuba it will have to do it over the dead body of the beet sugar trust.

In order to be at her silver wedding anniversary a woman is not required to admit that she isn't as young as she used to be.

It often comes to pass in after years that the man born with a silver spoon in his mouth is unable to produce the spoon.

President Roosevelt can write feelingly on the subject of deer. He has been trailed himself by office-seekers until he knows how it feels.

There are some army officers in the Philippines who will be cabling for a few gross of thumbscrews presently if they are not called off the job.

Mrs. Astor says no man can be a gentleman without a college education. Poor Washington, Franklin, Poor old John Jacob Astor, the fur peddler.

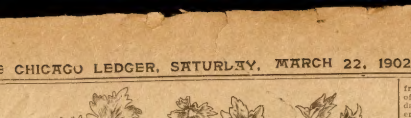
New Jersey is only bluffing when its legislature talks of repealing the charter for the railway merger. New Jersey is too experienced in the ways of the world to kill the goose that lays the golden ovule.

An Englishman is offering $20,000 as a prize to the owner of a pigeon for a race from London to Birmingham. Let us hope that he will have the kindness to put down an unbroken string of feather beds along the way.

An unconfirmed report from London says that when Ex-Gov. Hogg of Texas, now in that city, was told that when presented to the king he would have to wear court dress he exclaimed "Either I go as an American dressed Hogg, or I stay at home."

King Edward VII. is said to have been cured of an obstinate and long-standing case of insomnia by the simple expedient of taking an automobile ride every day in automobile. He is having a third machine built for his use, having had two built last year.

Gen. Zano, a Filipino millionaire, is reported to have offered $500,000 each to the American army officers who will marry his daughters. Why does the general limit the offer to American soldiers? Let him open it to titled Europeans and his daughters will go like hot cakes.



The Wizard of the Waves:
Or,
The Black Flag Privateer.

By COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

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CHAPTER VIII.
A BOLD DEED.

After his arrival at the old hut, Lieutenant Eusebio had not long to wait ere he heard footsteps approaching, and the next moment the tall and manly form of Rafael advanced and recognizing him, the Spaniard stepped forward.

"I am glad you have come, senor," said Rafael.

It was a starlight night, and each could plainly see the other; the Spaniard was suddenly horrified by finding the point of a dagger against his breast, and to hear the deep, stern voice of the rover.

"Don Eusebio, a movement, a word from you will sign your death warrant, for I am not bereft of my senses."

"You have a schooner which I desire, and from which I came to New Orleans, for I saw her when she was first put on the stocks in Baltimore, and have had my eye upon her."

"In heaven's name, who are you?

"No, I'll not be thus quietly taken," and the lieutenant struck up the dagger, and quick as lightning, drew his sword, while he cried aloud:

"Hie, men! to the rescue."

"By heavens! do you dare me with steel," cried the rover, and his sword gleamed in its scabbard, to be met by one mighty, sweeping blow, the weapon of the Spaniard.

"Ah, ha! you are desperate, senor; surrender, for I would not take your life unnecessarily."

"Again I ask, who are you?" cried the lieutenant, in anger at his defeat.

"I am called Rafael, the Sea Wizard."

"Holy Virgin! I half suspected it.

"Well, sir robber, you have it your own way now, but ere long the tide of fortune will set against you."

"Perhaps, and if so, I but find my fate.

"My hands are on the seas, senor, and there I can be found.

"Now I intend to leave you here with your men, and after I have gone, a person whom I shall place as a guard over you, will release yourself and your soldiers from their bonds."

"Holy St. Peter! is there no hope! Maledictions up his life, and curses on his name," howled the enraged lieutenant, as, at a call from the rover, two men advanced and securely bound him, after which he was left in the shed with his four seamen, who had been quietly surprised and surrounded by the rover's band and had in ambush at the rendezvous.

"You will release one hand of the lieutenant, sir, as soon as we have been gone ten minutes, and he can release the bonds of his men; then I should advise you to take to your heels, would you save your life," said Rafael, as he stepped to the large skiff, which Hannibal had rowed ashore, addressing a man whose face was covered by a mask, and who stood on the end of the pier.

"They'll never know me, captain. Success and a pleasant voyage, and a safe return to meeting," replied the man, whose voice betokened him to be the faithful Augusto.

In a moment more the men were filled with the seamen, and Rafael gave the order to give way, while he took the helm himself.

Rapidly down the river sped the boat, past the brigantine, aboard which all was quiet, and finally into the large skiff, which lay about the center of the stream.

"Ho! the schooner!" hailed Don Aquero, in his best English, suspecting that the skiff contained his commander, and anxious to explain his watchfulness.

"Aye, aye, Don Aquero," answered Rafael in Spanish, for Hannibal had informed him of the name of the lieutenant call the midshipman.

The next instant the skiff touched the gangway of the schooner, and the rover sprang aboard, followed by his men, and ere the astonished officer could realize, he was seized, bound, and thrown into the skiff, while the remainder of the Spanish crew, including the other midshipmen, were also secured, but not until the young Spaniard had fired several shots at the captors, one of which killed one of the rover's men, and wounded another.

"So far, all is well; now, lads, put the prisoners on board the lugger, and release them from their bonds," cried Rafael, as he discovered that the vessels were fast to the stern of the schooner, had been hauled alongside by her crew, while dozens of armed fellows were springing aboard the captured vessel.

"Up with that anchor, men, with a will, for already the people of the brigantine are aroused, and the river guard-boats will be after us.

"Up into the riggins, Wizards, and shake out the top-sails, and Leo, have the mizzen-sail set," and the deep voice of the rover rang with earnestness, while his men sprang to obey his orders.

"Don Aquero, the fortunes of war are against you, sir, and luck favors me; your commander you will find at the deserted pen above the town, and if you would like to see how your vessel can sail, throw yourself on board the brigantine, which you see is preparing to give chase, and I promise you a lively cruise.

"My regards to the governor-general, and tell him that Rafael, the Sea Wizard, thanks him for his vessel. Senor, adios!"

So speaking, Rafael aided the midshipmen aboard the lugger, and motioning the other officer and men to follow, he gave the word to cast off, and the current drifted the two vessels apart, just as the schooner's anchor was speak and her bow sprung around, under the breeze that filled her top-sails.

"By the Saints, we are off, and before the brigantine has got her anchor out of the mud. Crowd her with sail, Mr. Lafond, for the breeze will soon strike her fresh, and we must fly, if we do not wish yonder brigantine sailing our wake," and Rafael turned to speak to a young lieutenant by the name of Gervaise Lafond, who had once been an officer in the French navy, but dismissed from the service for some reason known only to himself.

He was a handsome, manly officer, a brave man, and would have been considered exceedingly handsome, had it not been for a cruel scowl that settled on his features, natural to him, and a certain expression in his face that proved him perfectly heartless, and thoroughly selfish.

"We could make her keep her distance with little effort, sir," the lieutenant replied, pointing to the large pivot-gun mounted upon the schooner's quarter-deck.

Rafael shook his head, and seemed about to reply in anger, but checking himself, he simply replied:

"Not while I command this craft, shall her guns be turned against Americans, except when it's impossible to avoid it.

"See, the brigantine is coming around, and the lugger is going to board her; and by Jove, yonder goes a barge from the shore, containing, I verily believe, Don Eusebio and his quarter-of-a-dozen men. I hope Augusto got away all safe."

"In fear of that Frenchman; the devil takes care of his own, sir," laughed the lieutenant, and he turned to his duties, as first officer of the vessel, in position to hold on the river schooner under Rafael.

The conjecture of the rover was right, for Eusebio, as soon as Augusto had untied his hand, so that he could free himself, and then left them to his horde, the Spanish lieutenant had quickly released himself and then performed a like office for his companions, after which they stood at the call upon the levee, until they came to a boat, which they sprang into, just as the armed vessel pointed her sharp prow down stream.

Running at once to the brigantine, they sprang on board, and the surprised Captain Remelle was informed of the daring act of the pirate chief.

"It read like him, senor; but I will at once give chase, for to cut the vessel of a friendly nation out of command under the very eyes of American cruiser, is something we cannot tamely submit to."

"I thank you, senor, Spain will appreciate your kindness."

"Spain will have little to appreciate," muttered Lieutenant Woodbridge, to himself, then he continued:

"Although he be, I'd great deal rather Rafael would have the schooner than those dark faced Dons; Captain Ramelle," and he spoke aloud.

"They are hailing us from the lugger, which the schooner has left behind."

"Aye, aye, it is Don Aquero's voice, captain, will you luff up, sir, and let the lugger come to on the davits or join me?" said the Spaniard.

"Certainly, sir," and a moment after the dragher passed so near the stern of the brigantine that Don Aquero sprang aboard, saying as he did so:

"Lieutenant Constaro, I have told Don Tacon to remain on board the lugger and anchor in the stream until we return.

"The pirate, Rafael, boarded me, ere I was aware, and I found myself full of his men, but ere Don Tacon was taken, he killed one and wounded another of the buccaneers."

"Bless you, youth," exclaimed Don Eusebio, and as he had himself been entrapped, he refrained from saying more, for the midshipman knew as had been his intention, but turned to watch the progress of the captured vessel, now two miles down the river, and dashing rapidly along before the breeze that was each moment increasing.

Swiftly the brigantine sped on in pursuit, and kept up a running fire upon the schooner, but to no use, for the beautiful craft displayed her speed, and soon crept out of range, and by daybreak was two leagues ahead of the cruiser, and bidding fair to run her out of sight by night.

CHAPTER IX.

Rafael had not been half an hour on board the schooner before he had rapidly visited her from stem to stern, to learn fully her means of defense and offence, for he knew not what dangers he might have to contend against, ere he gained the broad sea, and could place his craft in full fighting trim, as it was his intention to do within two weeks.

Like trained seamen, as they were, the men went to their places, and ere long the crew felt thoroughly at home, so easily does the sailor accept the situation, whatever it may be, or wherever fate may lead him.

It must be admitted, also, that the men felt full confidence in their young commander, most of whom had seen him tried on many a hard fought deck, and knew he was dauntless as he was only second to his daring as a commander, and heroic courage in battle.

At last day dawned, and advancing steward, Rafael said to the youth, Leo, who was standing by his side:

"As fast as is the brigantine, my boy, we have shown her a clean pair of heels, and if this wind holds has strangely favored us does not desert us, we will run her out of sight by—what do you say, Mr Lafond?"

"They risen the top-masts of a large frigate ahead of us, sir."

"Well, if she's English she'll run the brigantine back as well as ourselves; if she's French, she's neutral, and if she is the expected Spaniard, with the crew intended for the schooner on board, why then we must fool them, that's all," remarked the rover quietly, as he called for a glass and raised it to his eyes.

"Her rig is Spanish, and she is—Spanish, for she waves her flag—Mr. Lafond, send all the men below decks, and let a dozen of them rig up in those Spanish uniforms in the gun-room, and return at once for duty.

"Then hold the deck until my return, when I will send you up in an old woman's dress—one you will find in the wardroom. Leo, come with me below."

So saying, Rafael descended into the cabin, and in ten minutes returned on deck, attired in the full dress uniform of a Spanish navy, as decorated by the rigged out in the attire of Tacon, the Spanish midshipman.

The transformation of the crew were also on the decks, presenting the appearance of Spanish sailors, the rover called out to Lieutenant Lafond, who had returned in Spanish also, and by the time the two vessels were half a mile apart, the schooner presented the appearance of not having changed her commanders.

On came the stately frigate, a few persons could be seen on her deck, and at last, and with a fair wind on her quarter, she was dashing rapidly along.

"Port your helm, sir," said the rover to the man at the wheel.

"Port it is, sir," returned the quarter-master, bringing the bow of the schooner up until it pointed directly for the frigate.

"Steady 'tis, sir."

"Steady it is! Well crowd her close, Captain Rafael," said Lafond.

"Just what I intend to do, for we must put a bold front on the bow, Leo, give me my speaking-trumpet."

The trumpet was handed him, and taking his station so as to bring the rattines in a line with his face and the frigate, the rover commanded:

"Ahoy, ahoy the schooner!" cried a manly voice in Spanish.

"Frigate, ahoy!" replied Rafael, who recognized the frigate as the two vessels swept near together.

"Is not that the 'Blood Hound'—the new pirate-hunting schooner?"

"Aye, aye, sir, we are on a trial trip.

"Don Eusebio Constaro's compliments to the admiral and say our cruise, and may God prosper him many years."

"Aye, aye, senor; but the admiral bids you return."

"As soon as we round yonder bend I will make all haste, inform him of as I am a dispatch boat, and to that point. Look out that you do not hear from me before you reach the Balize, for I know that I have docked yonder brigantine, the fastest craft in the American navy."

"Aye, aye; buenos! buenos!" were the cries from the frigate's officers, and delighted at the success of their ruse, Rafael and his companions, the crew gave the beautiful schooner three hearty cheers as she swept on out of hearing, and was soon out of range of fire.

"Nobly done, Captain Rafael, you speak Spanish like a native, and really don't those fellows lend their hair when the brigantine lets them into the secret?" and Lafond rubbed his hands in very glee, for he was delighted at all with delight at the ruse practiced upon the frigate.

Rafael smiled slightly, and turned to tell the men to resume themselves of their borrowed plumage, when the lookout cried in stirring tones:

"Sail ho!"

Quickly ascending the rigging, glass in hand, Rafael soon made out the vessel discovered, vessel a long and earnest look, and quietly descended to the deck.

"Gentlemen, she is an American brig-of-war—the Enterprise, I think; but we will ere long learn for a certainty," he said.

"Call the men to quarters, Mr. Lafond, and we'll salute the United States flag with twenty-one guns."

The crew sprang to their posts, and in twenty minutes the brig-of-war, displaying the stars and stripes, was in hailing distance.

"Ahoy! what schooner is that?" came in good old English.

"The new Spanish schooner, 'Blood Hound;' on her trial trip," replied Rafael, but without the aid of his trumpet.

"She sails like a witch; but have you heard anything of the pirate schooner of the Sea Wizard which has been out?"

"Aye, aye, sir; the brigantine, Sentinel, was the cause of her sinking. A desperate trip she had of it, I think, for the Spanish frigate, the Trouble, and the American brigantine, Sentinel, both left them as I cannot longer with for them; for we are having a lively race. Adios."

The two vessels were now too far distant for further conversation, and Rafael had twice to command silence, so anxious were his crew to cheer for joy at their escape, and to quiet them, the rover ordered:

"Dip your flag now, Mr. Lafond, and Leo, let the guns open in salute."

Instantly the Spanish flag was lowered three times, and the guns pealed forth from their

brazen throats their iron salute to the stars and stripes, which were dipped in return on the brig, and gun for gun returned.

"Now get out of that toggery, boys; Mr. Lafond, run up the proper colors of the schooner, and hail down that flag of a tyrannical old government," ordered Rafael, and when he turned to the deck once more attired in his piratical uniform, the ominous Black Flag was floating at the mizzen peak of the fated Vixen, which gayly sailed along through the murky waters, having boldly run the gauntlet of every danger that had confronted her since her flight under new commander.

"Take in sail, Mr. Lafond, and we'll give the vessels behind a look at us, for I will wager they are all in pursuit," said Rafael, a smile crossing his handsome face, and dispelling momentarily, the sad expression that seemed ever to rest thereon.

Under reduced canvas the schooner, of course, glides along with much less speed, and ere long the trim sails, and graceful hull of the brigantine came in sight, crowding all sail in chase, and astern of her was the American brig, which had put back as soon as the commander met the Sentinel and learned how he had been duped.

Astern of the brig-of-war came the Truxillo, every Spaniard aboard of her at a white heat of rage at the daring buccaneer, who had so cleverly escaped them, and determined to retake the pride of their navy from the vandal command of Rafael, the Sea Wizard.

CHAPTER X.

AN UNACCOUNTABLE DISAPPEARANCE.

Although all was as serene on board the schooner as if she was still under the stars and stripes cruise, it was not the ease of the brigantine, the officers and crew of which were most anxiously worked up to overhaul the schooner, to save their credit with their government for allowing Rafael so cleverly to capture the craft, and easily make his escape through the dangerous gauntlet he had to run down the river.

And very far different was it upon the Spanish frigate, where the admiral and all on in the cabin boy, all was a scene of excitement, and fierce imprecations were hurled upon the Wizard craft.

Several years before, the swift schooner of the rover had appeared in Spanish waters as an enemy of Spain, and thus the name of Rafael, Sea Wizard, became known, none knowing from whence he came, his nationality or what his previous life had been.

Everywhere the Spanish flag floated there was found the tireless rover, ever cruising at times along the coast of old Spain.

It is true that he did not only confine himself to Spanish vessels, in his captures, for English merchantmen, as well as the French, had felt his blows, and by those nations he had been condemned as a pirate, yet never was it known that he had the American flag waved, but on the contrary he had often befriended those suffering under the stars and stripes.

With the exaggeration of the age, Rafael soon became known as a cruel monster, a man who seldom spared human life, and governed by superstitious ideas, as was not unfrequently the case in those days, the many wonderful escapes of the daring rover and his schooner gained for him the reputation of being leagued with the evil one, for he had said that his craft had been seen on a lee shore in a gale, and so surrounded by Spanish vessels as to leave him no chance of escape, and yet, when day would break, nowhere could the schooner and her wizard be found.

On the quarter-deck of the brigantine, which gallantly led the pursuit, were, besides her officers, Ruby, who was the most interested in the chase, the two officers from the schooner, Don Pablo Constaro and Aquero Montero, both of whom were fervently hoping and praying for the capture of the buccaneer.

When the scars of the fight with Rafael were wiped according the rover, a shout of joy went up from the two Spaniards, for they recognized Don Pablo, and were certain that the free-booter had run into a trap.

A height soon began to fall upon the heart of Ruby, who sat noted across the point of land, which divided them from the flying schooner, that Rafael was still standing off, and each moment was drawing nearer the frigate, for the maiden longed to have the darling rover escape.

With Captain Ramelle and Lieutenant Woodbridge, duty called upon them to retake the buccaneer, and they were anxious to do so, as then their government would have the disposal of them, and in behalf of the services they had rendered, and there being no proof against him of ever having taken an American vessel, there was every chance that he might be pardoned, while, if captured by the frigate, they knew a horrible death in Havana would be his fate, for Rafael had already been sentenced to "Death on the yard-arm," if taken alive.

"Holy Mother! he is standing right for the frigate—yes, the sees escape impossible, and is going to surrender—thank God, Rafael, the rover, is taken," cried Lieutenant Constaro, as he saw over the polls the graceful masts of the schooner even with those of the frigate.

"No, by Jove, he has gone by—no shot, no sound from the frigate.

"Great heaven! must we lose him thus? She has passed, he is flying beyond them, for he has played one of his wizard tricks upon them.

"Ah, the frigate ahoy! The Truxilla ahoy! It is Rafael, the Sea Wizard, that is passing you," and Lieutenant Constaro fell back in the arms of Don Aquero, half fainting with the effect he had made to hail a vessel a mile distant, and at the agony of feeling that his enemy would escape him.

"Yes, he has passed the frigate, and cleverly, too. By Jove! Don Rafael is worthy of an admiral's commission," said Captain Ramelle, really delighted at the ruse played upon the Spanish, and a smile of satisfaction rested upon the face of every officer and man of the brigantine, while Ruby could fit hide her joy, and quietly told the Spanish lieutenant that he must have thought his lungs and throat a kind of Gabriel's trumpet, as he had ordered he could be heard at such a great distance.

The officer looked darkly angry, but made no reply, for a beautiful woman can say many things an ugly one dare not, and already was Don Constaro completely touched by the comeliness of the American maiden.

"Sail ho!"

"Whereaway?" cried Captain Ramelle, addressing the man at the mast-head.

"She is just rounding the bend, sir; it is the American brig-of-war, Sentinel, that I sailed on a her once and know her well, sir," answered the lookout, who was in the admiral's mess.

A moment fore and the brig-of-war was visible from the brigantine's deck, and again the Spaniards congratulated themselves that the schooner would be captured, for the Sea Wizard could not possibly fool the American as he had the frigate.

But just then, the frigate came in hailing distance, and the voice of Captain Ramelle, Don Eusebio signaled her, and soon made known to the countryman the deception practiced upon him.

The Spanish admiral was wild with rage, and as the brigantine came to, he ordered her to be followed in chase, spreading his vessel with immense canvas.

The eyes of those on the brigantine were now turned toward the brig and the schooner, which were rapidly nearing each other, and though Captain Ramelle sent signal men into the Sentinel's rigging, and his example was followed by the officers, and every means given to attract the brig's attention, the two vessels came closer and closer, their sails mingled together like drifting snow-flakes by contrary winds, and then the schooner swept by, all escape unobserved by the American craft.

What Rafael is the very evil for schemes, do not wonder that he was called the Sea Wizard," said Captain Ramelle, while a fervent:

"God, I thank thee!" from Ruby found how delighted she was, while in her joy she again turned to Lieutenant Woodbridge the luckless Spaniard, with:

"Aye! you going to hail the brig, Don Gabriel?"

"Hark! by Jove, the rover is saluting the brig, and the American returns the salute. Oh, Rafael, Rafael, you are a trump and no mistake," cried Lieutenant Woodbridge glanced with a frowning look at his companion.

Twenty minutes more and Lieutenant Woodbridge hailed:

"Brig-of-war, Enterprise, ahoy!"

"Ahoy the brigantine."

"Have you seen aught that going down just now?"

"The Spanish pirate hunter, 'Blood Hound,' on her trial trip," came the answer.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the officers of the brigantine, and the lieutenant Woodbridge continued:

"It was the 'Blood Hound,' but she was captured at her anchorage by the rover Rafael, the Sea Wizard, and we are in full chase."

"Rafael, the Sea Wizard," cried the officer, and instantly orders were heard to wear ship and stand on in pursuit, and then on the three vessels came in the direction of the gallant little schooner, which urged by a freshening breeze, stood on, passed the Baltze, and squaring away on her course, left the brig hove-to and waiting for Barataria bay.

The brigantine, brig and frigate, kept on in rapid pursuit, and by dividing on different courses, were enabled to cut the schooner off from escape, and as the three neared against the buccaneer, two vessels were suddenly seen standing out of Barataria, which the frigate and brigantine gave chase to, and the two gunboats, sent on a pirate hunt in those waters.

That it was true, was soon evident, for the schooner was suddenly observed to change her course and stand out to sea, and the vessels as though to attempt to run seaward, while the two gunboats, both small but formidable craft, were signaled from the frigate to cut off Rafael, the Sea Wizard, was on the schooner. The signals were answered from the two newly discovered vessels, and the buccaneer at once had five antagonists to meet, and affairs looked very gloomy for the rover.

But on swept the daring rover, still heading seaward, and carrying a vast amount of canvas, which caused the two of the different vessels to exclaim with admiration at his pluck, and the marvelous speed of the schooner, which cut through the waters with tremendous velocity.

Upon coming out of the Baltze the rover had put his helm aport, and kept rather in shore, while the brigantine being in the lead of the pursuers, had stood out directly across the outer portion of Barataria bay, the frigate in the meantime changing its wake, and the brig hugging the shore, as had the buccaneer, but each of the three vessels in pursuit, gradually narrowing landward, when the two gunboats were discovered coming out of the inner bay of Barataria, thereby catching the schooner in their midst, the danger of Rafael may be imagined, although there was the vessel within four miles of him.

Upon seeing the two new enemies upon his track, Rafael had at once changed his course, as though to run the gauntlet seaward, but the frigate and the brigantine narrowing the space between them, showed the foolhardiness of that attempt, and again changing his course, he stood, once more landward, causing all to believe that he intended to beach the schooner and escape with his men, for they saw no other chance of escape for him.

Yet, on the brigantine, there were some who believed in the power of the Sea Wizard to elude his enemies, and having witnessed his wonderful skill and courage, Ruby Ramelle really felt at rest in her mind, especially as darkness came on to more thoroughly conceal the movements of the buccaneer.

Night did come on, and the five vessels kept up a constant cruising, as though on sentinel duty, awaiting the breaking of day, when the light would enable them to see the fate of the schooner.

Although the sea was running high, each vessel sent out two or more boats, the better to be on the alert to prevent the pirate slipping seaward, and very now and then blue lights were burned, casting their ruddy glare over the waters. The last seen of the schooner, she was standing far in shore, and then suddenly disappeared, lost against the shadow of the land.

At last daylight broke, and with it a gale was blowing; but far and wide, in shore and seaward, no sign of the schooner could be seen, and in despair the cruisers were compelled to give up the pursuit, the crews of the vessels more than ever convinced that Rafael was a Sea Wizard, and that the devil had really aided him to escape, for otherwise they could not account for his marvelous disappearance, where there was no known inlet along the shore at that point to give him refuge, and to run the gauntlet seaward, they deemed impossible.

So leaving the gunboats still on the watch, the frigate pursued her way back to New Orleans, the brigantine and brig leading, with the Spanish officers still the guests of Captain Ramelle.

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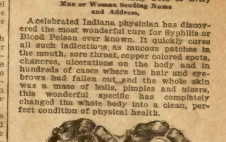

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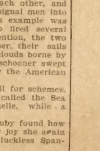
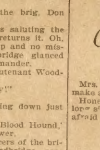


Mrs. Housekeep—My man, would you like to make a few dollars?

Honest Henry—Tanks, lady, but it's been so long since I've done any counterfeitin' dat I'm afraid I couldn't do a good job.

Shockingly Frank.



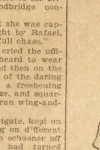
Grandma—Sakes alive, child! Don't tell me you are chewing gum!

Willie—No I'm not.

Grandma—That's a good boy. I'm proud of you.

Willie—It's tobacco.

Following Directions.



Mrs. Comer—What's Mr. Geer doing with all that water?

Mrs. Geer—Oh, the doctor told him to drink water an hour before meals, and he's trying to do it.

THE YOUNG INVINCIBLES;

Or,

THE BOY PATRIOTS OF '61.

By J. M. MERRILL, Author of "From Forge to Fortune," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE PROVOST MARSHAL.

Bob Cutter and Susan Goldrod were coming up the path leading to the house from the gully spring when their steps were halted by the sound of rapidly revolving wheels. A light vehicle was rattling down the forest road from the south—this, despite the deep ruts and gravs of magnificent proportions, halted before the log house of the Cutters. Bob's mother came to the door and the man in the buggy began talking with her in a low tone.

"Who is it?" asked Sue.

"It's the provost marshal," said Bob, in a low, awed tone, for there was something about the official that appealed to the lad's sense of greatness, and he felt an inward thrill of vague alarm, too, in spite of his sturdy United States official talking with his mother.

Bob's father was in the Army of the Potomac, and the money he sent home, added to the little that the boy earned at odd jobs working for the loggers in the immediate neighborhood of his home, served to keep the family in fairly good condition.

Although Robert Cutter, or Bob as his friends familiarly dubbed him, was scarcely sixteen, he yet had intelligent ideas regarding the fratricidal strife going on in the southland, and had his mother and little six-year old Eunice not been in a measure dependent on his sturdy arms he would have enrolled his name among those of his country's defenders.

"What can he want?" said Sue, clinging to the arm of her companion, and looking up into his face with questioning gray eyes.

"That's what I'd like to know."

Bob shook off his pail of clear spring water and leaned against a sapling at the pathside.

Presently they saw the man pointing his whip toward Jim and Mrs. Cutter's voice was heard calling the name of me it seems."

"He wants something of me it seems," muttered the boy under his breath. He then lifted his pail and walked deliberately homeward.

"Mr. Cutter wishes to speak with you, Robert," said the lad's mother, at the same time retiring into the house.

"Come here, Bob," said the big man, whose dark, smooth face and keen black eyes so impressed the lad. "Are you looking for Jabin Branch; have you seen him?"

"No," said Bob respectfully. "I thought he had gone to the city."

"Why did you think that?"

"Because I saw his name in the paper as one of those drafted."

Exactly. Well he didn't go; that's why I am looking for him. Understand?"

"Did he run away?" asked the boy quickly.

"Well, he isn't at home, and he didn't report at headquarters as he should have done. You can guess what that means I imagine.

The man spoke in a drawling voice, with half closed eyes.

Bob's gaze caught the glitter of his marshal's star on the breast of the officer, and knew that Mr. Branch had a dangerous man looking after, his whereabouts.

"He's a deserter!" said Bob.

"Just so. You are sure you haven't seen him?"

"Quite sure."

The man frowned and sent an eagle glance into the adjacent woods. At length he produced a cigar from his pocket and examined it closely. Bob watched him curiously meantime.

"There are others," he said at length.

"Other deserters?" asked curious Bob.

"Yes, and draft evaders; men who have never reported for enlistment. Two more woods are full of 'em."

"It's a shame," said the boy, with flashing eyes. "When the country needs soldiers so bad I don't see what men are made of that'll desert or evade a way when the government calls them."

"You're a fierce patriot I see," and Major Grimbold laughed.

Although dubbed major it was not known that he had ever held a commission in the army. Report had it, however, that he had been an Indian fighter in his early life and might have won the title.

Major Grimbold was regarded with the awe befitting his office by the inhabitants of the border country, and Robert Cutter looked up on him as the personification of government power and official dignity.

"Look at this, bub."

The speaker handed Bob a card on which were written several names.

"Yes, I know the most of them," said the boy, looking inquiringly into the marshal's face. Have they—"

"All deserters and draft sneaks to a man, my lad."

Bob was stunned at the array of shirks. Truly the district was not exaggerated when he said the woods were full of them.

"Jim Waldo works in the company's mill at Woodland," said Bob. "He's supporting a nice man. When was he drafted? I don't remember seeing his name among the ones printed in the county paper."

"Very likely not," with a smile. "Waldo came here from northern Indiana six months ago. He left home after his name drew a prize there—but Waldo's not his right name."

"Isn't it? What then?"

"It doesn't matter. You'll hear more about it later. I'm looking for other game just at present, however. Remember the names on that card, boy, and let me know if any of them show up."

With that the provost marshal cracked his whip and drove away in the direction of the village, leaving Bob in possession of the card with a dozen names written thereon.

"Bob."

A low voice pronounced the name of the boy. Then for the first time he noticed the presence of his girl friend.

"Eh, Sue?"

"It is Jabin Branch the man asked about!" "Why, yes—and others."

"I know—I have seen him, Bob."

"Seen who? Jabin or Jabin Branch?"

Bob turned the girl with apparent excitement.

"Yes—"

"Where? When?" demanded the boy, seizing her arm in his excitement overturning the pail at his feet, splashing its contents over the thin shoes of his pretty companion, who uttered a little scream and sprang away.

"Bother!" exclaimed Bob. "Tell me where you saw Jabin Branch, Sue."

"I saw him this morning at our house."

"Is he there now?"

"I don't know. He and papa went into a room together and I haven't seen him since. He seems too nice a man to be a deserter."

"He is—all the same. I wish you'd a spoke sooner."

"Why?"

"When the provost marshal was here, you know."

The girl looked troubled. She sat down on a log before the house while Bob went about his work. A short time later the rattle of wheels was again heard.

"Hello, here comes Major Grimbold again!" exclaimed Bob, who was just coming from the rear of the house. "I'll tell him about Jabin Branch," and the boy sprang into the road to intercept the provost marshal who was driving past on his return.

CHAPTER II.

PUZZLED SUE.

"I've got news for you," Bob cried excitedly, running up to the side of the buggy and clinging his hands to the top of the seat. "Jabin man you are after is at Goldrod's house."

The sleepy eyes of the provost marshal opened a little wider at the news conveyed by the boy woodsman. He spoke with his usual drawling, lowering tone.

"I think you are mistaken, my boy. I have just come from Goldrod's house."

"And Jabin Branch was there?"

"I saw nothing of him," with a smile.

"He was there and remained for Goldrod's girl Sue half a minute ago told me so."

"Yes, like enough."

Major Grimbold did not enter into the spirit of the case as Bob thought he ought. After a minute given to reflection the marshal continued:

"Yes, like enough Branch was at Goldrod's house. Goldrod is a friend of mine and a loyal sly dog. He did not tell me as much, however, I think, on the whole, I will return to the old man's house. Get up, my lad," and the boy leaped in, boy, and go along with me."

As the hour was not late—not quite cowhunting time—Bob, nothing loath, sprang in beside the marshal and rode away toward the home of old Goldrod, a man who lived on the bank of Silver creek, and made a living shaving shingles and cutting bolts for the mills at Woodland.

Meantime Sue had aped homeward as fast as her little timber shoes would carry her, in fear that she had done wrong in disclosing the recent whereabouts of the hunted deserter.

She did not like the looks of Major Grimbold, and her father had once remarked in her hearing that the provost marshal was a villain. To undo the mischief she had thoughtlessly done was the girl's object on her flight homeward. She reached the house on the creek, by a short cut, at least ten minutes in advance of the provost marshal.

When Sue entered the front room the first person she saw was Jabin Branch, who sat at a table eating a hasty lunch prepared by Mrs. Goldrod, a sallow looking woman of forty.

"Where is pa?" asked the girl, gazing uneasily around the room.

"He's down the gulch to work, where'd ye s'pose?" replied the mother in a vinegary, snappish way that grated harshly on her listener's ear.

Sue glanced over her shoulder, then closed the door behind her and stood still, not knowing if she had done right. Would the major return? She had heard Bob telling him about the presence of Jabin Branch at the house, and it was likely that he would neglect further investigation.

"Where—" Major Grimbold here a short time ago?" faltered Sue timidly.

"It reckon," and the woman grinned. "He's left, the major is. He's dead easy—"

"A reg'lar muttonhead," chuckled Branch, his voice muffled with the food he was hastily devouring.

"He is looking for you, Mr. Branch," said the girl. "He is coming back. If you stop here you will be caught. I—"

Her words were cut short by the crash of

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The Young Invincibles.

(Continued.)

ells flying hoofs and the rattle of wheels. A team containing two occupants dashed up to the door.

Jabin Branch sprang to his feet and snatched a hatchet from a shelf, turning a scared face toward the open door, which flew open and Major Grimbold plunged like a shot into the room.

"None of that, Jabe. Put down that ax and come with me," commanded the government official, covering the deserter with a revolver. "So long with you, man," growled Branch. "You hain't no call to arrest me."

"Ah up that ax I tell you or I'll make a sieve of your brains."

There was a flash in the speaker's eye that seemed to convince the other of his danger. Dropping the hatchet Branch folded his arms and stood quietly at the man who had come to arrest him.

"Well if I give in, what can they do with me?"

"I don't say. Send you to the front—maybe to death," was the drawling response of Grimbold.

"Coughing, ain't it?" and the fugitive laughed bitterly.

"Put out your hands, fellow, I can't stand here quarreling all day."

Jabin Branch obeyed, and suffered himself to be handcuffed. Mrs. Goldrod glared darkly at the two as he led his prisoner from the room. She said nothing, however, doubtless realizing the humiliating circumstances surrounding the finding the deserter under her roof.

While the rattle of wheels had died away the footsteps of the house turned sharply upon her daughter.

"Sue, what—"

"Oh, ma, will they shoot or hang him?" interrupted the girl in a self-accusing voice.

The official's threat had a horrible meaning

"None of that, Jake."

to the feverish fancy of the child, and the enormity of her sin in telling of Jabin Branch's presence in the house was almost crushing her.

"I reckon they're none too good to do it," said the woman. "Those government men is worse than rattlesnakes in their snoopin's about. I'd like to know what poor young Jabin's done to merit such treatment."

"Hasn't he done anything, bad, ma?"

"Not a thing."

"What is he arrested for them?"

"To put money into the pockets of sneaks like Major Grimbold."

"But he said Mr. Branch is a deserter."

"I'd lie?"

"Yes, and he said there was others set as bad."

"Well, for my part I can't see no wickedness in not wanting to go to war and kill your neighbors like the southerners. Jabin ain't no fighting man. All he wants is to be let alone."

A puzzled, distressed look filled the eyes of little Sue. She was not fully satisfied as to the right of the matter in question. She believed in Bob Cutter, however, and thus believing she held grave doubts about the justness of her mother's position.

Her father's step startled the girl, who sank into a chair and began to cry.

Mrs. Grosvenor Goldrod entered—a tall, lean, hawk-eyed, stoop-shouldered man of fifty—he crossed the floor and shook the arm of Sue with no gentle force.

"Put, child, what ye snivellin' at now?" he hotly demanded.

"Oh, I—I don't know. I—I told Bob about Mr. Branch, and he told the marshal, and—and—"

"And where's Branch now?"

"The marshal's got him, pa," said Mrs. Goldrod, "and I expect She's the means of it all."

"Eh, Sue?"

Goldrod tightened his grip on the child's arm until she screamed from the pain.

CHAPTER III.
THE DESERTER ESCAPES.

Several boys were gathered in front of the Cutter house late in the afternoon of the day of which we have spoken in the preceding chapters.

Bob Cutter had not yet completed his chores, although he had been to supper, and was about to attend to the milking, when several boy friends approached from the direction of Woodburn. They were Dick Strong, Asher Doman, Edgar Pelton and chubby little Bob Evans.

Every one of those lads were firm friends of Bob, and engaged with him in an enterprise that we shall touch upon at length later in our story.

At the present time they were deeply interested in an account Bob was giving them of his adventures of the afternoon.

"And the woods was full of 'em—meaning deserters and draft evaders," concluded the soldier's son.

"Well, that will give business for us," said Dick.

"For the Invincibles you mean?"

"Yes, of course."

An eager light filled the eyes of Bob Cutter. He laid a hand on the arm of Dick and led him aside.

"At last we've found something for the Union Invincibles to do," said he earnestly. "We can aid our father's at the front and the government at Washington by hunting down the deserters and runaway drafted men. When is the next meeting, Dick?"

"Thursday afternoon."

"Be sure and have the boys all there, Dick—and with arms."

"I'll do what I can. This is getting interesting. Do you s'pose there'll be fighting?"

"Not if we manage right."

"But these deserters are no better than outlaws, Bob."

"Not a whit better."

"And they won't hesitate to shoot or stab to save their own skins."

"Don't you worry, said Bob. "Men that'll desert their country's flag in the hour of danger are cowards."

"Yes, but we're against boys—"

"Boys of grit need not fear such men."

At this moment the front door of the boys in front of the house attracted attention. Several of the boys ran out to the center of the road, one boy pointing onward an opening in the woods.

An open buggy was dashing down the road among the trees at a terrific rate, and it soon became evident that the horses were beyond control of their driver.

"Spread out across the road, boys, and let's see if we can't stop 'em," called Bob. "I do believe it's the runaway horse that and the horses are running away."

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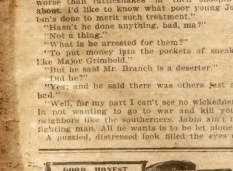

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The Young Invincibles.

(Continued.)

Run—as the settlement about the Cutter cabin was called—the swift-moving team was nearly half a mile away. By the time the frightened horses came within a few rods of the human string stretched across the road they had moderated their speed, and seemed quite willing to be caught.

Bob seized one hein and his friend Dick the other. After dragging their captors a few yards, the animals came to a dead stop, puffing and hot from their long race through the woods.

Bob at once turned his attention to the occupant of the buggy—there was only one—Major Grimbold, who halt reclined on the seat, with bleeding face and mud-spattered clothing.

"Ah, boys, I'm thankful you stopped the horses; I am so weak I could not pull a pound on the reins." As he spoke the marshal reclumed an upright position, and drew a long breath, his fingers closing about the slack reins with a spasmodic clitch. "You didn't look for me back tonight, Bob?" A forced, unnatural laugh accompanied the last words of the major.

Bob thought his eyes had in their depths a wild look, while the blood on his cheeks indicated recent trouble.

"Where is your prisoner?" asked Bob quickly. "Did he get away?"

"That he did, my boy," returned the man with a groan. "I'm ashamed to admit it, too. If I hadn't been a fool and taken off his handcuffs this wouldn't have happened."

"Why did you do it?"

"Oh, because the cur begged so piteously. I was a fool to listen and soften my heart, and now see what comes of showing pity for a draft snake!"

The man spoke bitterly. The assembled boys were all eager for an explanation, which the officer did not seem in a hurry to give.

"There isn't anything to tell," said Major Grimbold, when questioned by the eager lads whom Bob had informed of the clever capture of Jabin Branch by the provost marshal. "I removed the fellow's bracelets and when my head was turned he dealt me a blow that nearly killed me, and sprang out of the buggy and escaped. The horses became frightened and turned about while I was half unconscious, and dashed back this way. Oh, the villain! the villain! Boys, hear me, I'll give fifty dollars for the capture of Jabin Branch, and twenty-five dollars a head for every one of the men named on the card I gave to Bob here. D'ye hear me?"

"Yes, we hear."

"Well, I mean it, every word. I've been too lenient with draft snakes. Hereafter when I once get my clutches into one he goes to headquarters, dead or alive!"

Major Grimbold did not return the way he had come, but seeming to have recovered his senses completely, set out toward Woodsring. Before he passed beyond view a man was seen to halt him for a moment, then enter the buggy and ride away with the marshal.

"Who is it I wonder?" said Dick.

"It is Brenver Goldrod!" exclaimed Bob, whose keen eyes recognized the old shingle-weaver even at that great distance.

"I think he'd better look out for that man," said Bud Evans. "He's a friend to all the scalawags in the country. A man that don't like so nice a girl as Sue ain't much I think."

"Has he been whipping Sue?" Bob spoke up quickly, for he was in fear that the girl's revelation regarding the deserter may have gotten her into trouble.

That night after the boys had gone, and Mrs. Cutter and Eunice had retired, Bob quitted the house and turned his steps in the direction of the shingle-weaver's house on Silver creek. The lad wanted to see Susan and make right the trouble he may have caused her. He was not long in traversing the mile between their respective homes.

On arriving at the Goldrod house he found the place dark and apparently untenanted. It was on the point of departing as he had come when a sound fell on his ear that cut his sensitive heart like a knife.

CHAPTER IV.
BOB'S NIGHT ADVENTURE.

Bob stood silently listening for fully a minute ere he satisfied himself that the sound he heard was that of a sobbing child. His curiosity and sympathy were at once aroused.

He knew that Godrods had but one child and that was his very dear friend Sue. That she was in trouble he could not dobut, for the sobbing came from a distance and not from the house.

Bob walked carefully toward the sound, which proceeded from a log structure to the west of the house which the boy knew was Goldrod's shingle shop. Bob was not long making his way to the door of the shingle shed. When he reached this spot the sound of weeping suddenly ceased.

Bob rapped lightly on the heavy slab door.

A low, quivering menu fell on his ear. The boy placed his lips to the keyhole and in a low voice said:

"Are you in here, Sue?"

A dead silence followed his words. Bob again called the name of Sue in a low tone.

"Oh, Bob, is it you?" called a startled voice from within.

"It's nobody else," said Bob. "What in the world you doing in here at this time of night, Sue. Where are the folks?"

"Pa's gone to town, and—and I've got to stay shut up here till he comes back."

"But did he shut you up for?"

"Cos I told you about Mr. Jabin Branch bein' here—"

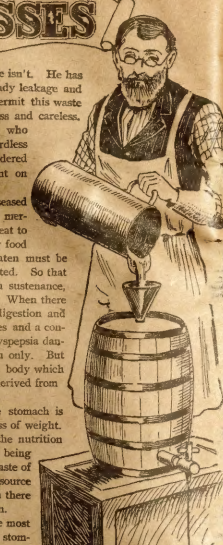
"The mean old scamp."

"Do go away, Bob. If pa finds you here he'll almost kill you, he's that angry."

And all about that rascally deserter. Now he'd better fly his kite a little lower or he'll be the one to catch trouble. If the government knew what he was doing he'd find himself in a hot mess right away. Don't cry any more, Sue. Seein's I got you into trouble I'm going to get you out again."

Without more ado the boy began looking about the log prison to see where an opening offered for the fair prisoner's escape. He went completely around the shanty twice ere he de-

LEAKS AND LOSSES



The grocer thinks he is filling the cask, but he isn't. He has to take account of that open spigot with its steady leakage and certain loss. The man who would ignorantly permit this waste and loss would be simply put down as heedless and careless. But the man who would knowingly permit it, who would continue his efforts to fill the cask regardless of the palpable waste and loss would be considered little better than a madman, and as a merchant on the highway to ruin.

Every time man or woman puts food into a diseased stomach there is a repetition of the folly of the merchant in his effort to fill his leaking cask. We eat to live. Physical life is sustained by food and by food alone. But in order to sustain life the food eaten must be digested and its nutrition extracted and assimilated. So that it is not by the food eaten that we must reckon sustenance, but by only so much of it as is properly digested. When there is disease of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition there is failure in the digestive processes and a consequent loss of nutrition. That is what makes dyspepsia dangerous. We think of it as affecting the stomach only. But it affects the whole body and every organ of the body which depends for life and strength upon the nutrition derived from food.

The proof of this loss of nutrition when the stomach is diseased, is that it is generally accompanied by loss of weight. It naturally would be. If life is sustained by the nutrition derived from food, and part of this nutrition is being lost and wasted, there will be a corresponding waste of flesh and loss of weight. And as nutrition is the source of physical strength, when there is loss of nutrition there is a loss of the strength contained in that nutrition.

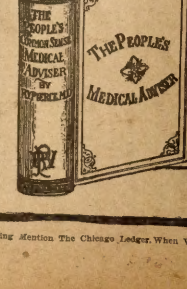
If you are weak, run-down and losing flesh, the most probable cause of your condition is disease of the stomach and digestive and nutritive tract. Probably this cause of disease has not occurred to you. You have had heart "trouble," liver "trouble," kidney "trouble," as a consequence of diseased stomach and innutrition and have "doctored" for these organs, naturally with very little success, because the loss of nutrition which is a loss of strength is going on all the time.

The simple, sensible thing to do is to stop that leak and loss of nutrition, then the logical result should be the regaining of lost flesh and lost strength. This is just the result that follows the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, stops the leak and loss of nutrition and builds up the body with sound flesh and strong muscle. The scales prove it. There's no guess-work about such cures. If you are weak, run-down, and losing flesh, nervous, irritable, and generally miserable, you can make yourself healthy and strong again by using "Golden Medical Discovery" to stop the loss of nutrition which is a loss of physical sustenance and physical strength.

"I was weak, nervous and dizzy, with a fainting sensation when walking," writes Jesse Childress, Esq., of Samuel, Sullivan Co., Tenn. "Could not walk any distance; always felt bad Was taken down in January, 1898. Doctored with two or three physicians, but they did not relieve me any. I grew worse and used everything I could think of. was nearly ready to give up and then some one told me that Dr. Pierce's medicine was good, so I began taking his 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I have taken seven bottles of that now and am as stout as ever, as anyone. My case was nervous dyspepsia and liver disease of which your medicine has cured me. In September, 1898, my weight was about ninety-five pounds, now it is one hundred and ninety-five. Please accept my sincere thanks."

"I wish to say to the world that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has proved a great blessing to me," writes Mrs. Ellen E. Bacon, of Shutesburg, Franklin Co., Mass. "Prior to September, 1897, I had doctored for my stomach trouble, for several years, going through a course of treatment without any real benefit. In September, 1896, I had very sick spells and grew worse, could eat but little. I commenced in September, 1897, to take Dr. Pierce's medicine, and in a short time I could eat and work. I have gained twenty pounds in two months."

Sometimes a dealer, tempted by the little more profit paid on the sale of less meritorious medicines, will offer the customer a substitute as being "just as good" as the "Discovery." It is better for him because it pays better, but it is not as good for you, if you want the medicine that has cured others and which you believe will cure you.



THE BOOK FOR YOU *and for everyone who would live a long and healthy life, is Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. This great work, containing 1008 large pages, is sent* ***FREE*** *on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing ONLY. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the cloth-bound volume, or only 21 stamps for the book in paper covers.* **Address: Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.**

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